The Americanization of Nguyen Cao Ky, by Robert Ward
Bringing home the Moonies: the mind & body snatchers
Prisoner of Madison Avenue: the American woman on TV

New Times®

JUNE 10, 1977 $1.00
THE FEATURE NEWS MAGAZINE

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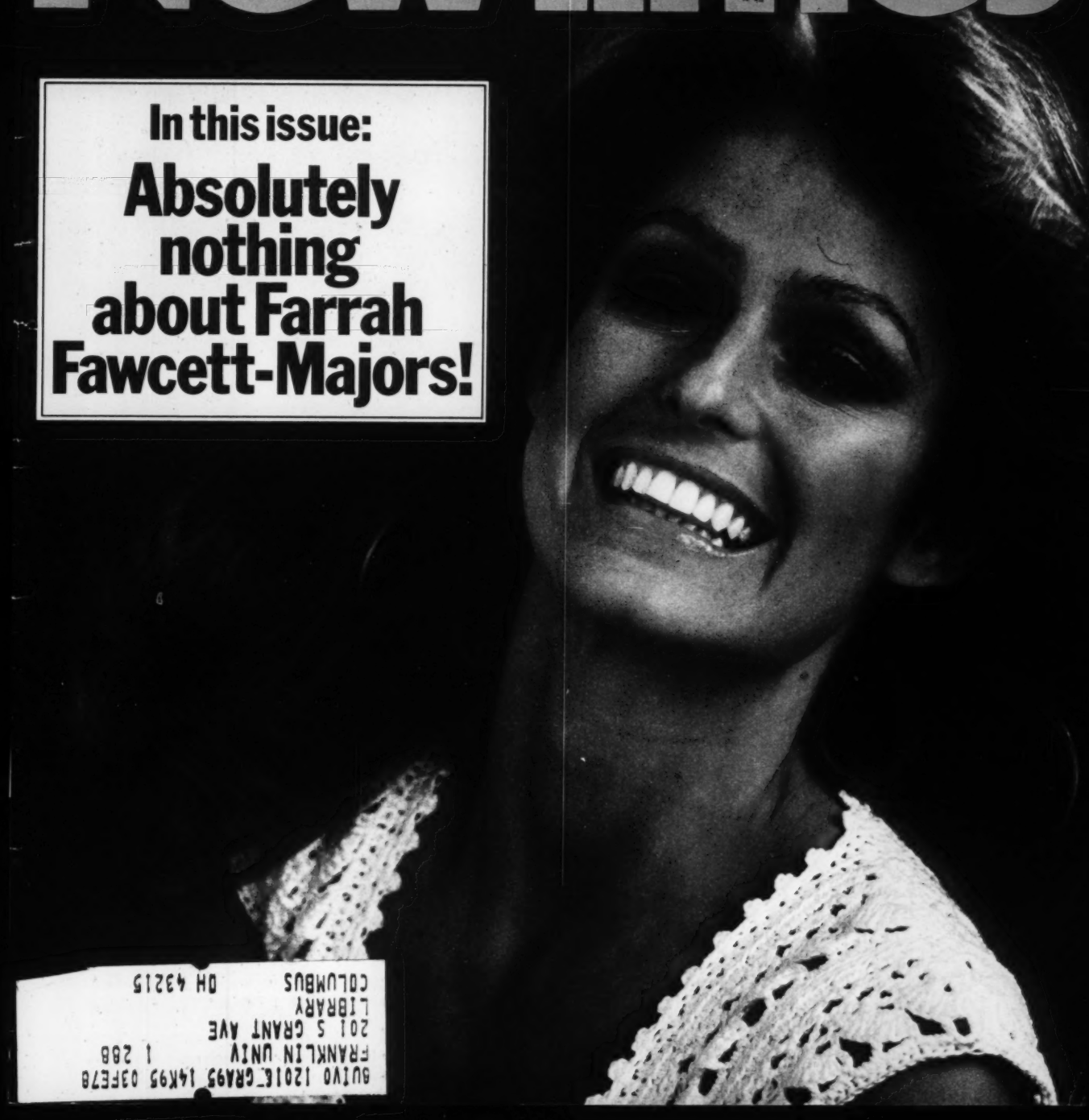
In this issue:

Absolutely nothing about Farrah Fawcett-Majors!



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NewTimes

JUNE 10, 1977
VOLUME 8, NUMBER 12

Bringing home the Moonies

The brain snatch

The case of the Faithful Five was rife with terms like love-bombing, brainwashing and reality-inducing therapy. But in the end, a judge best summarized the situation: "What we're talking about here is whether one set of adults can tell another set of adults what they're allowed to think."

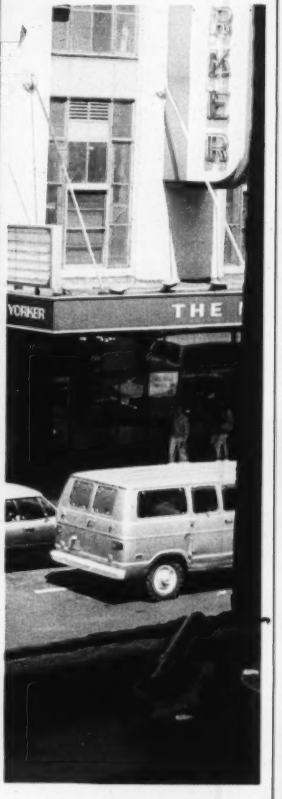
By Peter Collier
Page 25

COVER
PHOTOGRAPH BY DOUGLAS KIRKLAND/CONTACT

The body snatch

Amy had always devoted herself to causes. But the Unification Church was different. Even, her parents thought, dangerous. And so they were willing to drug her, abduct her, take her out of the country—anything to get her back.

By Craig Waters
Page 30



Marshal Ky amongst the roses

The former prime minister of South Vietnam is finding that doing battle with southern California's CBs, Sizzler Steaks and TV jive talk is the toughest offensive of all.

By Robert Ward
Page 44

You haven't come a long way, baby

Plagued by spotted glasses, dishpan hands, ring-around-the-collar and house-a-tosis, Madison Avenue's TV housewife is neither new nor improved.

By Carol Caldwell
Page 57

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Party Lines
The strip-mining bill provides for stripping more than land.
By Robert Shrum
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How much is a home run worth?
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Philip Glass puzzles out music's grammar.
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By Richard Corliss
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Final Tribute
To Jim Jones, the all-American soldier.
By Seymour Krim
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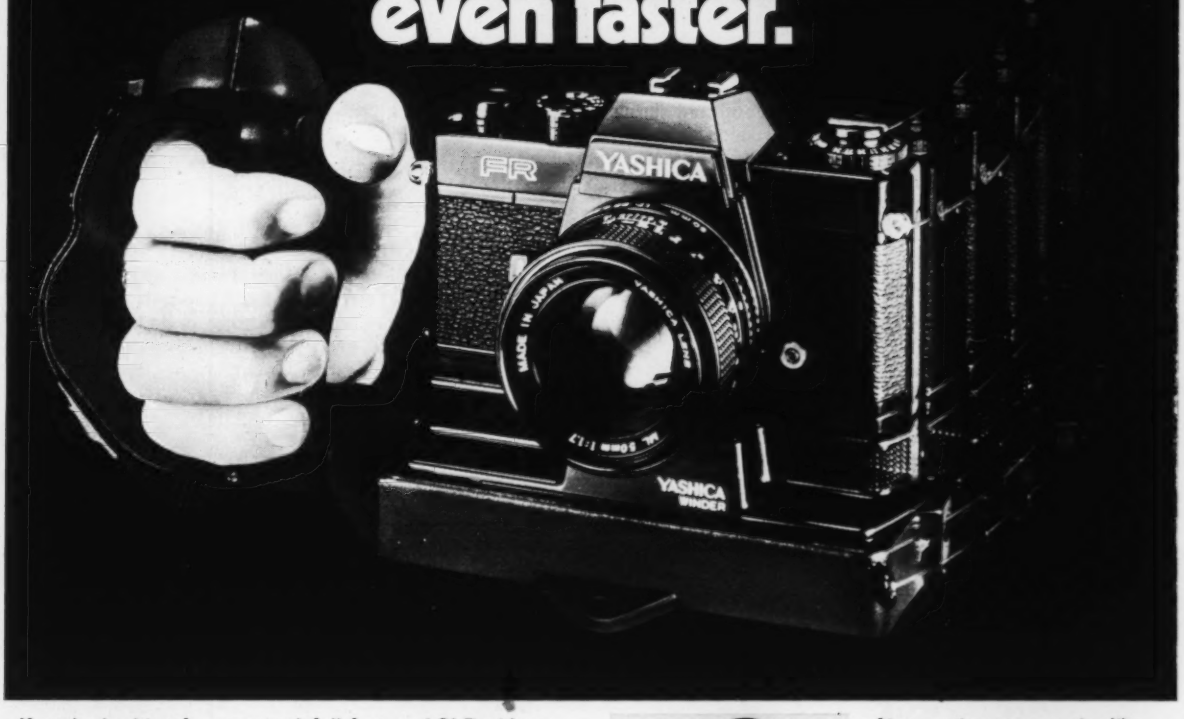

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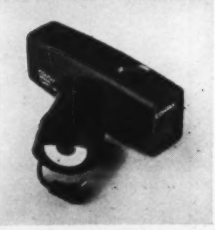

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Letters

Foul fowl

Stephen Singular's "Brave new chickens" article (April 29) is a tremendous incentive to become a vegetarian. It is impossible for me to eat a chicken dinner now without picturing the grotesque conditions that the poor bird suffered through to reach my plate. I doubt if I will ever be able to enjoy an egg salad sandwich again.

Patrick Dailey
Schaumburg, Illinois

I've read many an article in *New Times*, but none has left more of an impression on me than your recent chicken piece. I am feeling quite uneasy: Could it be that my concern lies not so much with the chicken industry but with where this "progress" may lead? Is this a prelude to experimentation with humans in order to improve our output, make us more profitable? I pray it's not so.

Why do we need a garlic-flavored egg with a green yolk anyway?

Betsy Tomke
San Diego, California

Awake and asleep, I am haunted by the words and pictures describing these chickens and their captors. I eat less and less meat as my conscience overcomes conditioning. And I believe we may pay dearly sometime for our greedily anthropomorphic view of the world.

Vicky Draham
Olympia, Washington

Pretty fishy

Larry Wright's "Troubled Waters" (May 13) was magnificently done, and should scare the daylights out of everyone.

J.M. Carstarphen Jr.
Tarboro, North Carolina

As our world's population increases, our industry and sewage waste grows, and water pollution becomes an even greater problem. We must let the government know that we will not stand for this vast degradation. As I see it, that is the only way we might stop the destruction of our fish, our water and ourselves.

Joseph D. Hill
Costa Mesa, California

For years I've cut down on my meat eating, primarily to avoid chemical residues. Needless to say, fish *was* one of my favorite alternatives. What will be next to go? I am already drinking bottled water. It happens to be from North Carolina, and I sure hope the spring's not near Durham.

Carole L. Stone
Miami, Florida

Thank you, Walter Kandrashoff, for caring. You are not alone. I care too.

M.K. Munroe
Portland, Maine

Sylvester McCartney

John Lombardi's article, "Unsung clones" (April 1), was fascinating! Am I wrong, or do Paul McCartney and Sylvester Stallone qualify?

Marcia Smith
Indianapolis, Indiana

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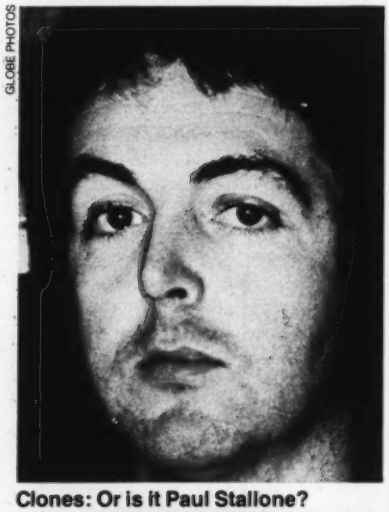

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Clones: Or is it Paul Stallone?

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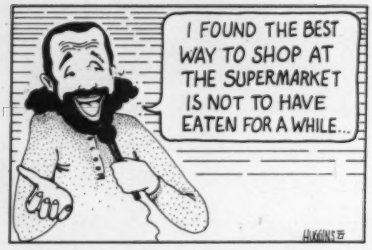

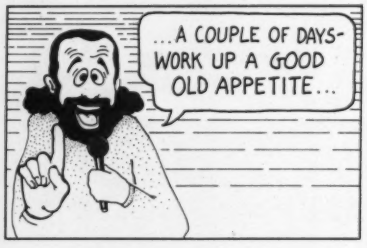

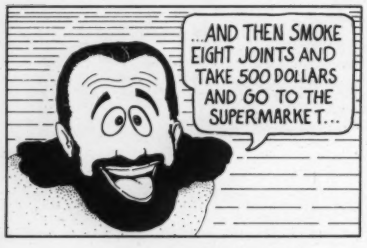

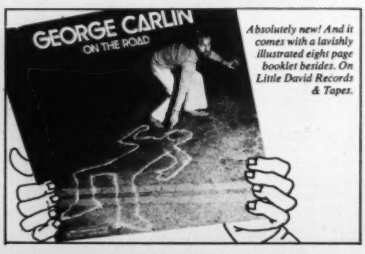
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Hooper hoopla and hype

I was totally disgusted by the unique combination of P.R. hoopla and degeneracy entitled "Learning to Love 'The Texas Chain Saw Massacre'" by Charlie Haas (May 13).

For several years, there's been a sickening slide in relevance and ethics as so much of the print media scrabbles to emulate TV's big-bucks success in the sex-and-violence lowest-common-denominator market. The recent emergence of *Violent World*, *Assassin* and the rest ("Trees died for these," May 13) seemed like the final expression of amoral greed and decadence in publishing (sort of the Alice Coopers or the Tubes of the industry).

But no! Now I witness the descent of *New Times* into the same cesspool. To call Herr Haas an amoral protagonist ballyhooing a morally confused, young filmmaker would be to dignify the whole affair.

Paul Snodgrass
San Francisco, California

Talk about media hype! *Massacre was* a horror movie. No doubt about that—an absolutely staggering exercise in banality and senseless boredom. Tobe Hooper should follow his father into the hotel business, a respectable occupation.

John Richard Merit
Angola, Louisianna

Texas Chain Saw Massacre is one of the most horrible movies I have ever seen. It seemed so real.

Janice Miller
Klamath Falls, Oregon

Drivel

In your April 15 "Insider" you carried an item to the effect that Barbara Walters asked me a question relative to certain reports. The longest I have ever talked to Barbara Walters in my life is to say "hello," and I believe once I commented on her ability as a newscaster.

Where you picked up that kind of drivel is beyond me.

Senator Barry Goldwater
Washington, D.C.

Questionable inquiry

For the life of me, I simply cannot understand why Congress didn't jump at the opportunity to find out once and for all who murdered John F. Kennedy and Martin Luther King Jr. ("The Insider Interview: Richard Sprague," May 13).

Why is it Sprague was not allowed to pursue the inquiry?

There is something about this so-called investigation that stinks, and the fact that it was purposefully aborted leads me to think that the smell emanates from the United States Congress.

Mary F. McDonald
Los Angeles, California

Scottsboro revisited

I was pleased to read "The Road from Dawson" Insider item (April 29). This case seems like nothing more than a replay of the famous Scottsboro Boys case of the thirties. Again, the states' evidence, if it can be called that, is flimsy at best. Again, the defendants are poor and black. Again, racism is showing its ugly head. If Jimmy Carter is so interested about human rights, why doesn't he speak out against this travesty?

Franklyn Smith
Peru, Indiana

Water, water everywhere

Michael Parfit's "California dreamin': the waterworks mirage" (April 29) was fantastic. It is too bad all the money that was spent on the state's aqueduct system had virtually no effect—in time of drought, at any rate.

Craig Myers
Mission Viejo, California

There is no shortage of water, just shortsightedness as to its use. Many parts of this country receive too much water every year. A nationwide system of canals and pipelines could transport surplus water to needy areas and, perhaps, help end this century-old problem.

Rus Purifoy
Odessa, Texas

Antipathy for the devil

It was very disturbing to read your attempt at absolution of Roman Polanski (The Insider, April 15). Perhaps the reason is his (your) assumption that it is a man's right to use a woman's body to "get back at his friend." Would you have been so quick to defend Polanski had he assaulted a male child in an attempt to "get" a female rival?

You have used the lowest form of journalism ("The smart set in Hollywood says . . ."), not only to defend an alleged criminal but also, and much more importantly, to perpetuate the male myth that women are the property of men—property that can be "used" at will.

New Times is as old as male supremacy.

Nancy A. McKerrow
Columbia, Missouri

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Party Lines

The great coal robbery/By Robert Shrum

The Senate and the House soon will decide, in a conference committee, whether or not to sanction one of the greatest giveaways to private interests in American history. The House version of the strip-mining bill would hand tens of billions of consumer dollars to oil companies and major ranching interests in the mountain states.

The story begins with the energy crisis of 1973 and the government's decision to shift to a heavier reliance on coal. Under the ground of the mountainous West, from the foothills of New Mexico to the grazing lands of Montana, lay vast coal reserves; their worth exceeds a trillion dollars. Eyeing them, the Ford Administration projected that Western coal production could be tripled to 300 million tons by 1985.

Among environmentalists, the Ford plan set off an instant alarm; the most expansive, least spoiled tract of land in the continental United States seemed suddenly to be in danger of rape; for, technically and economically, strip mining offers the most efficient method of extracting Western coal, which usually lies close to the surface. For years, there had been persistent demands that the federal government force coal companies to repair the moonscapes they were creating in Appalachia. Now, at the prospect of massive surface mining in the virgin West, the demand for tough strip-mining regulation took on new urgency.

When Congress was drafting the 1976 version of the strip-mining bill, Representative John Melcher of Montana, then chairman of the House Interior and Insular Affairs subcommittee on Public Lands, added a new, seemingly sensible provision to the legislation: that no federal coal reserves could be leased for strip mining without the consent of the surface landowner.

Although the Homestead Act had given away huge portions of the West to settlers through the 19th and early 20th centuries, the federal government had retained the subsurface mineral rights. In effect, the coal under the land was kept as the property of the American people. Now, however, the Melcher provision would transfer absolute control over it to those who have inherited or bought the Homestead grants. It was, Melcher has argued plausibly, a matter of simple justice, "a question of basic property rights": no one should be forced to let giant bulldozers gouge up their land to scoop out coal. Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield put his influential stamp of approval on the provision.

Neither Mansfield nor Melcher (who has succeeded to Mansfield's Senate seat) thought of the provision as local-interest peddling. Environmentalists have welcomed it and coal operators have not objected to it—which alone should serve as a warning that the matter is not as simple as it seems.

In fact, the Melcher provision is subtle proof that easy cases, too, can make bad law. For the best of (environmental) intentions is generating a next round of special-interest enrichment. The ecology lobbies latched on to the Melcher provision because they hoped surface owners would demand the strictest of environmental safeguards before allowing their land to be mined.

PHOTOGRAPH BY EARL DOTTER/MAGNUM

But the issue is not one of despoiling the owners' land without restoring it or compensating them; other provisions of the strip-mining bill will impose as national policy the stringent Pennsylvania state standards requiring mining companies to reclaim the surface to its "approximate original contour" (with certain exceptions).

Fred Simonton, the executive director of the Midwest Electric Consumers Association, a cooperative of consumer-owned utilities, is one of the few experts who has bothered to analyze the effects of granting surface owners the additional right to block the mining altogether. In a recent letter to energy czar James Schlesinger, Simonton warned that it would be a "giveaway of enormous proportions for the benefit of giant energy companies and a few landowners." And he's right.

For the energy companies will pass on to consumers the inflated cost of buying the consent of surface owners, who can set prices as high as they wish. Those prices will have to be paid because, as Simonton put it to Schlesinger, "the government is requiring a conversion [by utilities] . . . from oil and gas to coal."

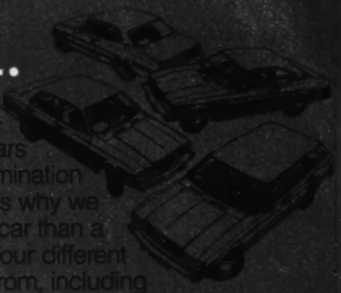
Who will reap this windfall? Though precise statistics have not been compiled, most experts agree that the largest portion of the affected land belongs not to family farmers, but to agri-ranchers with their sprawling tracts of land. And it turns out that the other major holder of coal-rich Western land is the oil industry, which early on sniffed the breezes of this potential windfall. Quietly, big oil has gained control of five of the nation's seven largest coal companies—and, in turn, those coal companies, as Fred Simonton notes, previously had "bought up [many] surface owner consents." So as the other surface owners raise the price of giving their consent under the Melcher provision, the value of what the oil-coal conglomerates now hold will "automatically, drastically increase." For all coal—like oil—rises to the highest price of any of it. Thus, companies that already have purchased surface-owner consents cheaply could now sell the resulting coal, not at this cost plus a reasonable profit, but at an exorbitant level reflecting the higher costs of obtaining the consent of other surface owners.

Recently, the Senate approved an amendment by Arkansas Senator Dale Bumpers to dispense with the consent requirement whenever the Secretary of Interior finds that the leasing of a specific coal deposit is in the national interest. The issue must be resolved in a House-Senate conference.

In the end, the Melcher provision will *not* lead to greater land protection. Rather than higher environmental standards, most owners are likely to demand instead higher prices. One environmentalist concedes that "some of us hope that by making consent expensive, strip mining will become so expensive that it won't occur at all."

But that is wishful thinking. Like it or not, the coal soon will be coming out of the ground: Carter's reliance on it, like Ford's, is a matter of national necessity, one that the Melcher provision can't change. It began with the best of intentions, but its real effect will be to license profiteering.●

BEAUTY-F-ULL.



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Suddenly you're aware of a fullness in the music that you've heard before but never associated with recorded sound.

The bass! You've been hearing all of the bass, all of the fundamental tones you couldn't bring home from the concert. It's not only everything you've heard before. It's everything you haven't. The music is rich with sound at the lowest limit of your hearing.

Then you see the third speaker. The hero of the piece: The Ultrabass.

The Ultrabass is a system in itself—woofer, amplifier, equalizer and enclosure—designed, mated, blended to do one thing perfectly: reproduce sound at the threshold of sub-sonic frequencies.

It brings all the low frequency music within audible range, balancing it perfectly with the rest of the music. Without boominess. Without resonance. It also electronically sums left and right signals below 70 Hz—virtually eliminating turntable rumble and record warp noise. And, because of the non-directional character of the low frequency sound, the Ultrabass can be placed almost anywhere in the room. Without any loss of three-dimensional imaging.

The Ultrabass pays one final dividend: it allows the two three-way speakers to be specialists, too. They can concentrate on the top 95% of the music. (Listen to the whole system, and you'll hear what that means. Even at a rug-curling, rock concert loudness, you'll get a clarity, a smoothness, an enthusiasm for detail you've never heard before.)

Finally, you look for the monster amplifier that's driving all that sound. There isn't one. The L212 takes one fourth the power you'd need with a conventional low efficiency loudspeaker.

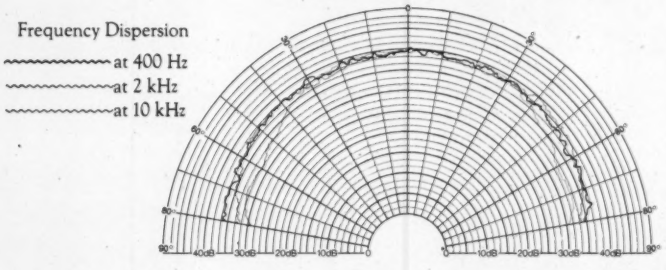
That's the story. What you've been reading about is, essentially, a no-trade-off loudspeaker system. Now we'll tell you the trade-off: The price is $1740. (The L212 may take a little while becoming a household word.)

In the meantime we have two suggestions:

If you'd like a lot more technical information, write us and we'll send you an engineering staff report on the L212. Nothing fancy except the specs.

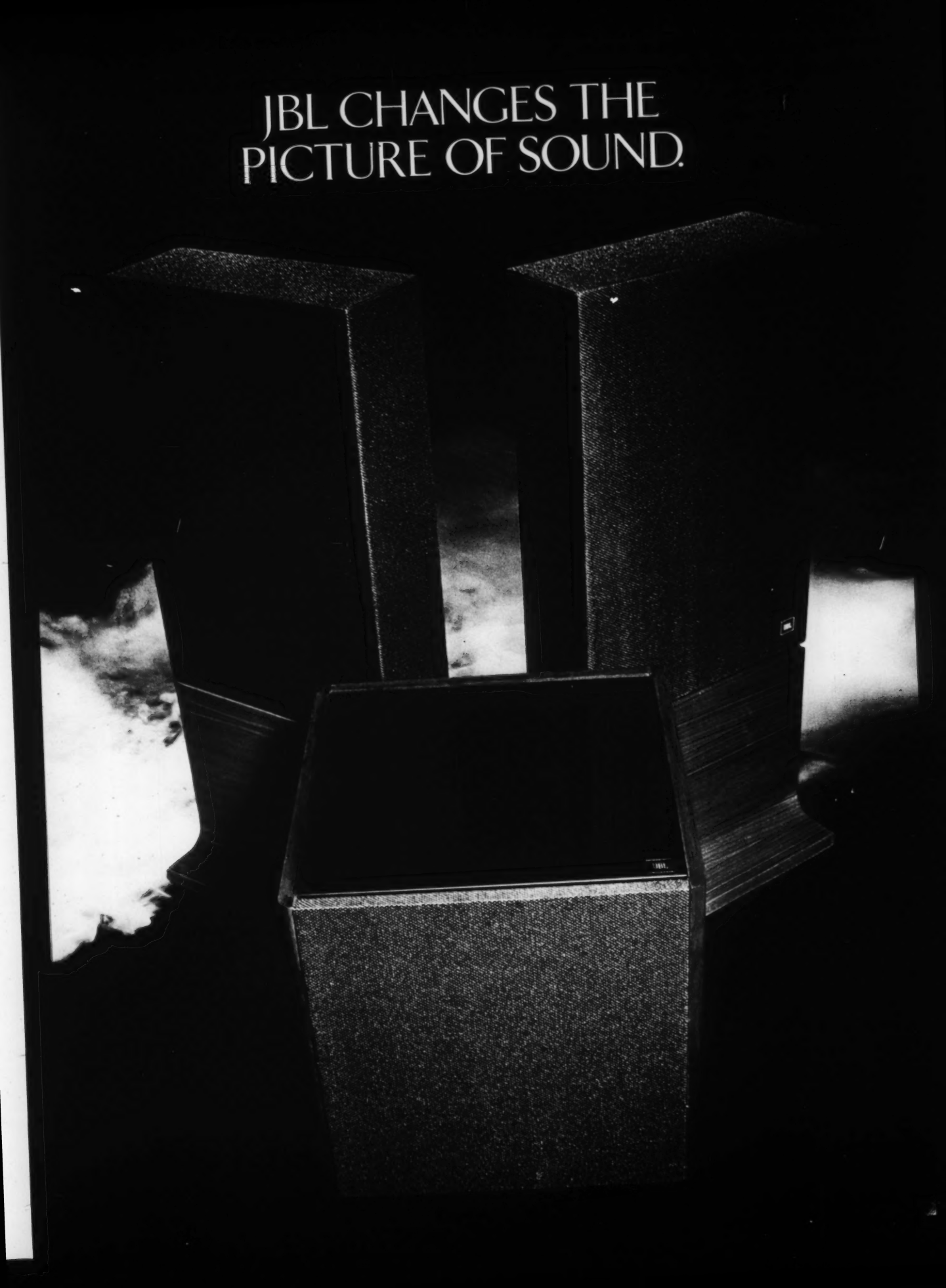
Or call your JBL dealer and ask him when you can hear the L212. You've never heard anything like it. Not from us. Not from anyone.

JBL



James B. Lansing Sound Inc., 8500 Balboa Blvd., Northridge, Calif. 91329. High fidelity loudspeakers from $168 to $3510.

JBL CHANGES THE PICTURE OF SOUND.



Slow Down

Are baseball players really worth it?/By James S. Kunen

A salary of $100,000 a year for five years; a bonus of $125,000 for signing; an investment account with a value of $250,000; a $200,000 payment to his agent; an off-season job with the team owner worth $50,000; deferred payments of $450,000; and a new car every year—all this to be paid even if he never gets another base hit.

That's what Gary Matthews, who earned $46,000 with the San Francisco Giants last year, was given by the Atlanta Braves to come and play ball for them.

Matthews was one of 25 ballplayers who abandoned their "owners"—and their fans—and became "free agents" at the end of last season, after the Major League Baseball Players Association won them the right to work for whomever they wanted for whatever they could get. Thirteen players signed contracts worth more than $1 million each. The entire salary structure of baseball was forced upward.

One hundred thousand dollars is the most Mickey Mantle ever made. According to UPI, the average regular this year is getting $95,149.

It kind of makes you wonder: Are baseball players worth it?

Last season, I had a chance to talk with an incipient free agent when the Oakland 'A's arrived at Yankee Stadium for a game with the Bronx Bankers. I saw three-time All-Star Joe Rudi—now an Angel—heading down the passageway to the field for batting practice, and tagged along.

I asked him if he saw anything unreasonable in a ballplayer's making, say, 20 times as much per year as a teacher. "I'm a professional, like a doctor or a lawyer," he said. "A nine-to-five person can't relate to that, or to entertainers—and that's what we are. I work as hard and as long as Sammy Davis Jr., and he makes $7 or $8 million a year. Nobody bitches about that."

I thought comparing himself to a song-and-dance man was a bit demeaning to Joe. An entertainer merely diverts people. A ballplayer bears their hopes into a contest against other ballplayers bearing other hopes. But his allusion to doctors and lawyers is pertinent. Those professionals are fond of referring to their years of arduous and unremunerative training as justification for exacting exorbitant fees from noninitiates. Joe Rudi, like virtually all big leaguers, spent five-and-a-half years toiling away without assurance of fame or fortune in places like Wytheville, Daytona Beach, Dubuque, Des Moines, earning between $2,000 and $4,500 a season. If he had suffered a disabling injury, he could have been released with as little as two weeks pay. And only one minor leaguer in nine ever gets to practice his profession in the big leagues. Social utility is the last factor to be considered in the fixing of prices for people or things in our economic system, but, were it heeded, how many lawyers would stack up their contributions to the commonweal against those of a clutch-hitting left-fielder?

All the same, the owners are unhappy. Take Oakland's Charley Finley. He lost six star players. His manager, coaching staff, and most of his front office personnel departed. And in mid-winter his team mascot mule died from deterioration of the liver. Finley speaks for many owners when he insists that the free-agent system will destroy the game. But, according to economist Paul Samuelson, the new system amounts to nothing more than a different way of cutting a pie.

ILLUSTRATION BY PATRICK CALKINS

"A rule was not made in heaven that the swag was to be divided the way it has been," he told me. "As the rules change, it will be divided differently, and baseball players will be rewarded in the same fashion as Hollywood stars, hot-shot ad copywriters and people who can guess what the future price of soybeans will be. The lucky recipients of these muscular skills will begin receiving some of these economic rents."

Rents?

Possessing an arm that can pitch baseballs 90 miles an hour with accuracy, Samuelson explained, "is like owning the land on which State and Madison in Chicago happen to be laid down. . . . Those are rents, not deserved earnings. Lightning strikes and you're the lucky recipient. The lucky player who happens to have the skill will now get some of the yield."

"But isn't it irrational for a ballplayer to make $200,000 a year?" I asked.

"There's something irrational about what consumers are willing to pay for, if that's what you mean. It's the same as deodorant." Samuelson assured me that such salaries would not be inflationary. "It doesn't enable more to be taken from the public. It's just a redistribution of what is taken."

The fact that a player's contract can be sold by one team to another indicates that he is paid less than he is worth. Why would the Yankees pay the Braves $125,000 for the privilege of paying Jim Wynn $150,000 a year, unless Wynn were a bargain at that salary? Now the players are doing the selling.

According to Players Association head Marvin Miller, to ask whether players are "worth" what they're getting is a meaningless question. "In an open-market situation," he explained, "the price you get for a commodity is what it's worth, because that's what the market dictated."

But what's a kid to think when he sees his favorite player threatening to leave and join the opposition unless his salary demands are met?

"The fact is, it's a business, and both sides are business people," players' agent Jerry Kapstein told me. "The owners try to make a legitimate profit, and so do the players. As far as youngsters go, when they reach maturity, they'll understand better. It's one of those unfortunate things."

One of those unfortunate things. Kapstein's right, of course. The players bring in the money. They might as well get it, and go where they have to, to get it. It should make sense to anyone who's reached maturity, who has to go out and make a living.

But a fan sees the game through a child's eyes. He has to believe that the players care as much about the team as he does. There is a limit to the intrusions of maturity and understanding that he can accommodate before he no longer sees as a child, that is, before he is no longer a fan. ●

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MERIT

Kings & 100's

Cops pump lead in Houston/Shark bites dust in *Jaws II*

The Insider

Politics

Consigliere of State

During a dinner at the Iranian Embassy for Henry Kissinger a few weeks ago, Hollywood producer Robert Evans (*Chinatown, Black Sunday*, Ali MacGraw, Phyllis George, etc.) delivered a toast to the Secretary of Stars. Kissinger, he said, had always been a favorite in Hollywood: "He even flew out to the premiere of *The Godfather.*" Bob Strauss, former Democratic National Chairman, in a very happy mood, yelled out, "I'll bet he went on a government plane." Kissinger, getting up to respond, began by saying that he had indeed gone Hollywood in a government plane. "*The Godfather* was the best training film we had in the Nixon White House."

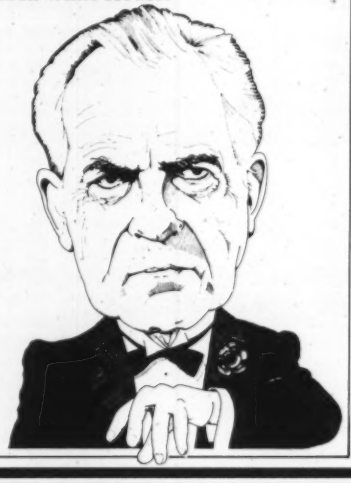

ILLUSTRATION BY BILL NELSON

WIDE WORLD

Browns: Father and child reunion

Jerry and Pat's pipeline

The Perta Oil Company, marketing agent on the west coast for Pertamina (the Indonesian state-owned oil company), stands to do very well in the near future—thanks in part to California's favorite father-son combination: Jerry and Pat Brown, the current and former governors of California. Perta sells the low-sulfur Indonesian crude oil necessary to meet California's environmental standards. Former governor Brown, a personal friend of President Suharto's, who has told legislators from time to time, "I've represented the government of Indonesia," is a minority stockholder. Pertamina would, among others, supply the liquid natural gas for a controversial $3 billion port complex including a receiving plant, ships and terminals. Surprisingly, current governor Brown (usually the most environmentally oriented of men, despite the opposition of the Sierra Club and the Planning Conservation League) is supporting the liquid natural gas development.

Former governor Brown says he's done no lobbying on Perta's behalf. Other sources say he's been making phone calls to state officials lobbying for the full-scale development of liquid natural gas facilities in populated ports, speaking in his capacity as chairman of the Council for Economic and Environmental Balance, a nonprofit interest group. Former governor Brown made it clear, speaking to us, that he was in favor of development. He told us he likes a clean environment as much as anybody, but "California's economy demands this." Had the Former discussed the situation with his son, the Current? Emphatically not. "My son's the governor. Sometimes we agree, sometimes not. But we didn't talk on this."

DeMohrenschildt's last word

We've obtained a document in which George DeMohrenschildt, who died March 29 after allegedly telling Dutch journalist Willem Oltmans that he'd been part of a conspiracy to kill President Kennedy, casts doubt on his role. DeMohrenschildt told Oltmans (according to Oltmans) that, as part of a plot involving the FBI, the CIA, H. L. Hunt and other Texas oilmen, he had been the middleman who ordered Lee Harvey Oswald to shoot the president. In a signed statement dated March 11, DeMohrenschildt describes a trip to Holland with Oltmans to discuss "eventual TV appearances." Irritatedly, he writes of meeting a Dutch publisher seeking a "sensational" book on Oswald "and my influence on him." "How sensational?" he asks himself. He suspects Oltmans of drugging him and claims that Oltmans is attempting "to bully me into admitting things I did not do."

Angry and "disgusted," DeMohrenschildt writes that he took refuge with a friend. "I am afraid that my wife's lawyer, Pat Russell Jr. of Dallas, collaborated with Oltmans," he writes. Russell, who is representing Oltmans in an unrelated libel action against Time Inc., is the custodian of DeMohrenschildt's supposedly sensational manuscript, "I'm a Patsy, I'm a Patsy." Russell had at first hyped its contents; he no longer does. He says with a laugh, "I'll make it more colorful if you want to publish it."

—Jerry Policoff

Seoul power: salvaging Korean nukes

The Senate Foreign Relations Committee currently is drafting legislation that would force the withdrawal of U.S. troops from Korea within three to four years. The White House hasn't objected—indeed, it has indicated an approval consistent with Carter campaign promises; the tone was reaffirmed with Major General John Singlaub's recall after he'd criticized withdrawal plans. But Richard Holbrooke, Assistant Secretary of State for East Asian and Pacific Affairs, has lobbied strongly for one change. Working on the phone, he's been asking legislators to drop a requirement that U.S. nuclear weapons be withdrawn from Korea.

He's told senators that he cannot explain all the reasons, but having nuclear power in Korea is a "matter of national interest."

Seventies

Young and in the way

The rest of the the world may defer to youth, but not Nathan Kohan. A spry 72, Kohan is leading a drive to ban everyone under 18 from the boundaries of Sun City, a 7,400-resident retirement community in southern California. "Many of these young people today have picked up a dope habit," says the gray militant. He and the 4,100 comrades who have so far shown solidarity have other reasons to keep Sun City pure. "These young people have no discipline," Kohan says. "They have no respect for property or much anything else." Mildred Woods, 74, says she doesn't want to be "run over by skateboards and bicycles." Florence Gilbert (age unavailable) says that "we'd have to live with rock and roll and all that." Al Paul, 68, says his "generation has been through three wars and a Depression. We want some peace and quiet now." James Arnold, 71, predicts that if their demand for a county ordinance fails, "there'll be bicycles and blaring radios. They'll dart in between cars with their skateboards." The proposed ordinance will come up for consideration before the Riverside County Board of Supervisors next month. If it passes, Kohan and his senescent corps will be able to get the few kids in Sun City out of town. Older people, Kohan says, "have psychological needs and society has a responsibility to satisfy them." —*Joel Kotkin*

PHOTOGRAPH BY BOB RINQUIST

Sun City: Sunshine boys expel sprouts

America's meanest cops: a nomination

And it is written (on the walls): "If you ever go to Houston you better walk right." And it is said: If the crooks don't get you there, the cops will. Houston, a champ in crime repute these days, suffers almost as much from the excesses of its police as from those of its criminals.

In the last year, victims have included an ex-marine armed with a prayer book, an epileptic burglary suspect armed with a pair of scissors, a millionaire lawyer making "home movies" in a downtown hotel. All died a lot heavier than they'd lived. The police pumped five slugs into the man with the prayer book, and five into the millionaire lawyer. But the epileptic had it the worst. One police officer emptied seven shots from his automatic pistol into the man, reloaded another clip and plugged him with six more.

In the first five months of 1977, the Houston Police Department has killed nine people—more than in all of 1976 and the last half of 1975. But that is not to suggest that police violence is a new wrinkle in Houston law enforcement. Back in 1972, HPD sharpshooters, manned in a church tower, sniped down a black activist leader and then claimed "self-defense" as their justification. That night between three and four hundred policemen marched through one of Houston's largest black ghettos, indiscriminately beating anyone they found on the street. The force's intelligence efforts during the late sixties and early seventies included keeping files on political activists and mainstream community leaders such as Congresswoman Barbara Jordan, Fred Hofheinz (the current mayor), various judges, lawyers, newspaper editors and state officials. These files were titled, among other classifications, "Miscellaneous Niggers"and "Swingers." "If you were a Houston police officer," says one HPD veteran, "you were *it*. You could do whatever the hell you pleased."

UPI

Chief "Pappy" Bond: Filed charges

Despite two changes in police chiefs, a change of mayor and increased minority recruitment, the department has its same core of centurions. "It's the same old heavily bigoted, undereducated, redneck working-class police force," says a longtime observer. Because its power and position is maintained and protected by the Civil Service System, the violence and brutality promises to continue for years to come. In the last month, the latest horrible example hit the pages of local newspapers. According to the HPD's own report, a group of six police officers, ranging in age from 20 to 27, apprehended and beat a young Mexican American ex-serviceman whom they'd been ordered to take to a hospital. They then pushed him off a bridge, 25 feet into a bayou; his dead body was found floating in the muck two days later. In an unprecedented move, Police Chief B. G. "Pappy" Bond personally filed murder charges against one of the officers. "I thought we had it licked," Mayor Hofheinz remarked angrily when he'd been told of the latest HPD atrocity. "But it seems that we're right back in the 1960s." —*Harry Hurt*

Mind & Body

Center court on sacred ground

The scene: Kent State University. Students have occupied campus ground, refusing to move until their demands are met. The ultimatum encounters unsympathetic response from the university president. Intransigently he announces that student demands will *not* be met, and that "proper steps will be taken to deal with the situation and clear the area." The time: not May 1970 but May 1977.

Construction of a $6 million health and Phys Ed facility, which will partially cover the area where National Guardsmen killed four students seven years ago, has opened the old wounds. Students, alumni and community residents claim the structure will desecrate the memory of the massacred protesters. In response, on May 12, they founded Tentropolis, a makeshift city on the site of the proposed construction. Residents have vowed not to leave until the location of the facility is changed.

"The board of trustees has made its final decision and construction will begin on schedule [sometime this summer]," said Kent State President Glenn A. Olds in a news release. Protesters are searching for legal grounds to halt construction, but their support has run thin. Most of Kent State's campus population was in junior high school in 1970; a May 4 memorial service brought a negligible turnout. Asked if he would use whatever force necessary to remove Tentropolis residents when construction begins, Olds responded, "Yes, of course." And that's how Kent State happened.

—Bob Tkacz

PHOTOGRAPH BY DOUG MEAD

Tentropolis: The world little noted nor long remembered . . .

Excremento

A number of our correspondents have unearthed a little bundle of news on the coming and goings of American waste. Here is a sampling of the *morceaux de merde* they sent us in trying to explain the state of the nation:

• At North Carolina State University, dairy cows are on a program to determine whether they can do what the April 29 issue of *New Times* showed chickens doing: eating what they just got rid of. Scientists call their afternoon entree "Screened Manure Solids." Mixed with hay, corn, silage and soybean meal, the manure is used as bulk filler and doesn't affect the cows' milk output. Dr. John C. Wilk, an associate professor, hasn't tried it himself but approves of its value. "We're just squeezing another ounce of nutrition out of every pound of feed," he says. "They never know the difference," sagaciously confirms his colleague, Dr. W.L. Johnson. "No significant difference."

• At Auburn University, a more radical experiment is being tried. Cows are having a breakfast that would drive Markie Maypo home to his mush: straight manure sprinkled with Bermuda grass.

• In Chicago, over 90 percent of the city's human waste, or sludge, is now recycled as fertilizer and 10 percent of that is given back to residents for use as garden fertilizer.

CINEMABILIA

Rich kids: Silver spoon ladles misery

Living well is the worst punishment

The very rich are different from you and me, Scott Fitzgerald said. Yes, they have more money, said Ernest Hemingway. And less love, says Roy Grinker. The Chicago psychiatrist, who's just finished a study of the children of the super-rich, found them "bored, lonely, mildly depressed, impulsive, empty, unempathetic," not to mention emptily pleasure-seeking and lacking in a work ethic.

Grinker found that the parents of rich kids usually abandon offspring to servants so they can work, travel, socialize, dance up a storm. Jealously, when the parents notice their children growing attached to nannies and maids, they often get rid of them and bring in new servants. Raised by shifting parental surrogates, the children grow up feeling unloved and unvalued. Inevitably, their own ability to love atrophies.

As grown-ups, Grinker says, the rich kids are angry and vindictive, have little compassion or tenderness, relentlessly and abruptly break off relationships and are overwhelmingly materialistic. Ironically, Grinker claims, they come to have some of the same traits as the poor: they feel frustration, hopelessness and boredom, have little tolerance for others and an injured self-esteem. "The similarity," says Grinker, "is startling." *—Larry Frederick*

Taking Care of Business

Reworking the workers

Since industry thinks that eliminating pollution is a cross too expensive to bear, it's beginning to look into the possibility of adapting workers to cope with pollution. In short, there's an industrial future for genetic retailoring.

"The matching of genotype to job will someday be done routinely," says Dr. Charles R. Shaw of the University of Texas. Dow Chemical, among other companies, has begun industrial screening procedures in which, says the Dow medical team, "persons under consideration for employment are given a pre-employment physical examination that includes chromosomal analysis."

Planners and scientists look forward to the day when genetic therapy and surgery will retailor individual workers' biological make-up to fit them precisely to working environments. The logical speculation: employers may have confidence that workers, faced with the prospect of either contracting serious illness or losing their jobs will decide to take a gene injection or go through altering operations.

Designing workers from scratch looms as an even more unsettling possibility for the future. Scientists say they'll be able to genetically upgrade animals to enable them to do the jobs that humans now perform. Bruce Wallace, professor of genetics at Cornell University, says that the technology for breeding animals has "simultaneously made gorilla/man and chimpanzee/man hybrids possible."

Dr. Joseph Fletcher, Professor of Medical Ethics at the University of Virginia School of Medicine, talks about producing Chimeras, or parahumans, to do dangerous or demeaning jobs. Others suggest that special clonal beings—identical twins with specially designed genotypes—could be produced in large numbers to do America's dirty work. With American labor becoming more and more expensive, multinationals are apt to seriously consider a genetically preconceived work force. Chimeras, clones and other parahumans, after all, will never have heard of George Meany.

—Ted Howard and Jeremy Rifkin

Workers of the world, invest

If you think the President and the 535 members of Congress have a lot of responsibility controlling the $460 billion federal budget, you ought to consider the $445 billion in worker pension funds. All tallied, 90 percent of that money is controlled by the 51 men who run 15 bank trust departments, 12 insurance companies and 24 private finance management groups in which pensions have been invested. The funds are now the most important source of new capital in the economy, second only in size to commercial banks.

You might also compare them to the assets (net worth) of America's largest corporations. Worker pension funds in the nation are worth more than the total assets of America's 85 largest corporate giants *combined*.

The Word

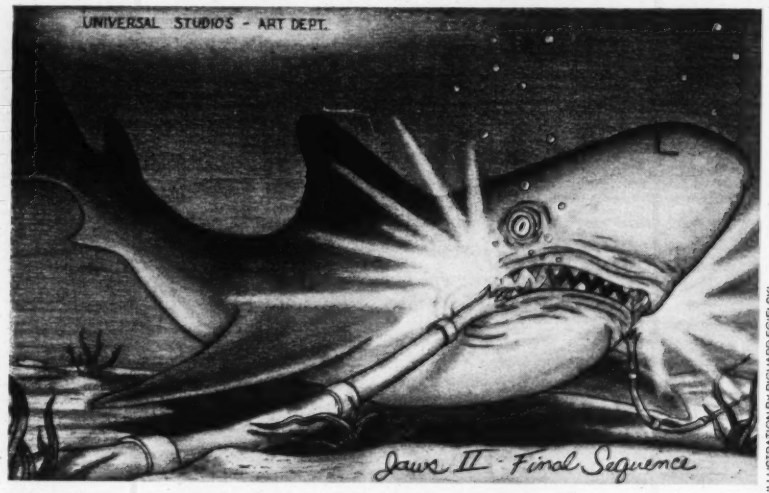

ILLUSTRATION BY RICHARD EGIELSKI

Ad Jawseam

Richard Zanuck and David Brown, the white-haired boys who together produced *The Sound of Music, The Sting, Patton,* and the number one all-time profit-gnasher, *Jaws,* have a brilliant new idea. It's called *Jaws II.*

Here's where we get into dangerous waters. A very good source inside Universal Studios told us how *Jaws II* is going to end. We don't really *want* to jeopardize Universal's huge investment or the excitement of thousands of fans waiting for the new adventures of bum-bom-bum-bom-bum-bom, but after all, news is news. This is all to say: if you hate people who give away the endings to suspense pictures, quit this piece now.

"Actually, the script is pretty good," said the Universal source about the Second Coming of Hollywood's most famous carnivore since Harry Cohn. "The monster left behind a mate who seeks revenge on the town for killing her . . . er, husband." Sort of an Eva Peron story, eh? Where does she slip up? "She's far more aggressive than the first shark," said the Universal talker. "She chooses to attack while a large group of youngsters are sailing about the harbor. The police chief comes to the rescue in a speedboat and orders all the boats to form a circle to keep out the shark." Do they bump off sweetheart?

"As a matter of fact, she kills herself." But that's a mortal sin! "Well, she doesn't mean to do it. She bites into an electrical line that runs from a nearby island to the mainland."

Anyone, we figured, with this kind of high-class info must have other breaks. "Well, there is one story milling about: Dino DeLaurentiis is planning to ditch plans for *Kong II.* The first wasn't successful enough . . . not the *real* first one with Fay Wray, but Dino's first one with the hydraulic chimp. 'Twas lack of booty killed the beast." *—Stephen M. Silverman*

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The Tube

Hot sex on Tuesdays at 9:30 /By Jack Viertel and David Colker

Television changes. Inside the global village, they're demanding hotter and hotter tribal dances in the cool medium. Fred Silverman, the Wizard of ABC who shaped his network into America's most-watched, has found just the thing to meet next year's hottest-yet demands, and it ain't Donna Reed. It's *SOAP*. By next year it will be, every Tuesday at 9:30, "the most talked about show on TV." Says who? Says Silverman.

SOAP, spawned by writer Susan Harris and producers Paul Witt and Tony Thomas, takes place in an invented Connecticut town. Although it smells a little Norman Learish, it's an entire sophisticated stage further. If Kaufman and Hart had been forced (guns to backs) to collaborate with Harold Robbins—with doses of Roman comedy, John O'Hara and *Future Shock* thrown in—that electronic phantasy would be *SOAP*. The show centers around Mary Campbell, whose: Husband is impotent (can't explain it); Older Son holds secret meetings in a turkish bath with someone called "Godfather"; Younger Son wants a sex change operation; Sister Jessica is having an affair with the club tennis pro; Sister Jessica's Servant is trying to poison Jessica's Husband with an egg-yolk overdose; Sister Jessica's Daughter is *schtupping* Mom's tennis pro on the sly. Is that funny, or what?

SOAP's creators see it as an aggressive assault on the barriers of prime-time tube. The usual taboos—homosexuality, infidelity, promiscuity, racism—all go through the sit-com wringer. "You might see one of these problems dealt with on a dramatic show like *Medical Center*," says writer Harris. "But we treat all of them with comedy and craziness which makes a lot more people uncomfortable . . . the first prime-time comedy with a continuing story." Proudly says producer Thomas: "Soaps have gotten very risque, but we are the first in prime-time."

ABC, the *Network* network, loved the idea from the start, but then their broadcast standards department got hold of the script. They took scissors and red pencils and sent back five pages of deletions and changes. "Shoot it the way it is," the ABC programming department told the *SOAP* producers and so, says Thomas, "We took a chance."

Will *SOAP* wash? Prime-time gets dirty suds

When the broadcast standards people watched the final product, they had only three lines worth of complaints. Graciously, *SOAP* conceded those, cutting out one description of Hawaiians as "a bunch of short, little yellow guys in loud shirts," and a piece of advice Mary Campbell gave her son—she advised him not to have his sex change operation because "it's not like a haircut—it doesn't grow back."

Nobody who saw the first pilot was complacent about the show. "It was great," said Harris, "hearing 1,500 people in hysterics." "I give it about two episodes in our market," said an ABC affiliate rep. From West Virginia came the cry of a station manager. "I serve a Bible Belt audience," he said. "How can I possibly put this on the air?" "We'll probably get a bomb threat a week," said another southern affiliate. But from Jackson, Mississippi, came the resigned accession of the self-knowledgeable: "We'll run it. You know how it is down here. In this market I could run the second coming and still get complaints."

Finally only two affiliates decided not to carry *SOAP*, and ABC wasn't worried. "That'll be tough on them," said a production executive. "By the time the show's a hit and they're ready to carry it, we'll be in the middle of this incredibly complicated interweaving plot line."

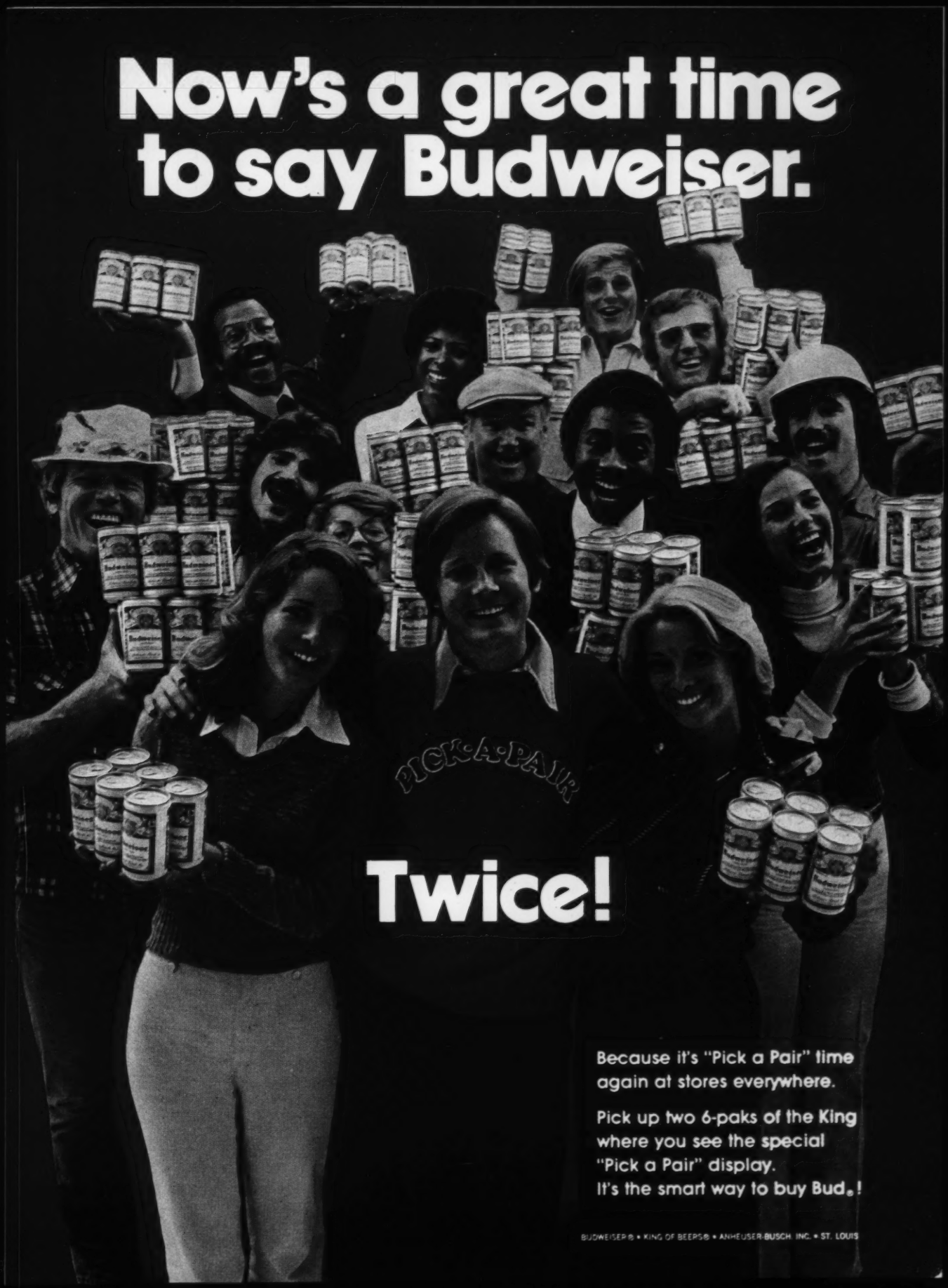
"Statistics show," postulates Thomas, "that a *loyal* viewer watches about one out of three episodes of his favorite show . . . of course no comedy before *SOAP* has ever had a reason for the viewer to keep with it week after week. With 14 major characters there should be enough going on in each show to keep everyone happy." *SOAP*'s writers have a 'Bible' that charts its characters' life paths for the next five years.

"We're hoping," says Thomas, "that people who actually have these problems, but are afraid to come out of the closet with them, will be able to deal with them after seeing that the problems are universal." For instance: the pilot reveals that husband Bert's impotence evolved from his guilt of having murdered Mary's first husband.

"We recognize the problem . . ." Harris admits. "These shows have no beginning and no end."

Silverman has given *SOAP* television's most coveted time slot—following *Happy Days*, *Laverne & Shirley* and *Three's Company*, preceding *Family*. Silverman exults that the show "has created more advertiser excitement than anything in years." Even sponsors who won't touch its brazen surface are in awe of its potential draw. "I couldn't buy time on it," said a wary advertiser, "but I sure wouldn't buy time against it."

"*All in the Family* changed TV forever," says Thomas and smiles. He thinks he's on to it. He's got the perpetual motion comedy. "Actually what I'd like to do is make a bundle of money. I also wouldn't mind changing television forever." If he does, it will put him right up there with Norman Lear and Captain Video.●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BRINGING HOME THE MOONIES:

THE BRAIN SNATCH

The bizarre case of the Faithful Five minus four had something for everyone—"love-bombing," psychological kidnappings, the Dragon Lady of Mooniedom, "reality-inducing therapy," cosmic surrender. "We're talking about the very essence of life here—mother, father, and children," said one judge. "Let's not get sentimental," snapped another. "What we're talking about here is whether one set of adults can tell another set of adults what they're allowed to think"

By Peter Collier

"There are tapes playing inside her head," the middle-aged man in the rust-colored hairpiece was telling the judge. "I want custody. I think she has to be taken someplace where we can get those tapes erased. She has been programmed. I want to get her deprogrammed."

Someone coming into the probate division of San Francisco Superior Court just then might have wondered if this was a scene from *The Manchurian Candidate*, or perhaps a *Star Trek* chapter meeting. Yet the witness was not one to idly fantasize. A product of the Quaker Church and Harvard Law, Raymond P. Underwood had been chief adviser to Mark Hatfield in his career as governor and senator, and now headed the Portland division of the Oregon Attorney General's office. Even in the case at hand, in which he appeared as a private citizen—as a father—he selected his words carefully, with a lawyer's sense of consequence.

As he spoke, Underwood frequently gazed down at the front row, scanning the faces of the five young people who were defendants in what technically was not a trial: Leslie Brown, 23; John Hovard Jr., 23; Janice Kaplan, 24; Jackie Katz, 21; Barbara Underwood, 25: all of them bright and capable, and, to his way of thinking, all of them tragically atrophied. They were sitting next to their parents, not out of love, but from what seemed a sullen sense of etiquette.

Underwood stared at his own daughter, a smile frozen on her face, even as he told of the humiliating breakdown in his family's relationship with Barbara during the past few years: brief meetings in which she seemed almost to be speaking in tongues; the unrequited concern on their part; her perpetually childlike state and blighted potential. She had left them and joined a world they could neither understand nor participate in—a world in which there were few marriages and no children, in which the normal organic processes did not hold.

"She is completely different from the girl we knew," Underwood concluded, "and what I'm asking for is time and space, at least 30 days of untrammeled freedom, to give her a chance. I feel that this is the last opportunity we will have before she disappears into this movement for life."

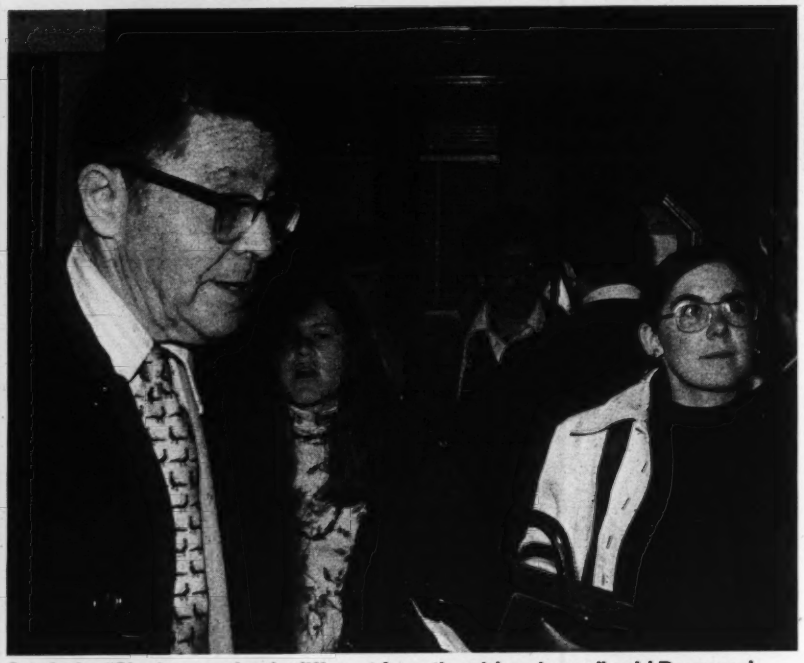
The ACLU saw it as a grave constitutional portent. The local press played it as a gossipy refrain on the age-old conflict between the sacred and profane worlds, between the pulls of faith and those of blood. Parents of cult children all over the country hoped it would be the climactic test dramatizing their plight, an updated version of the Scopes Trial. Even before it began, this bizarre two-week hearing into the competency of these five followers of Korean evangelist Sun Myung Moon had become a chapter in an allegory about families—their expectations, the pressures they face, the myths by which they live.

On one side was The Family, headed by On-ni Durst, a fortyish Korean woman who had emigrated to San Francisco in the mid-sixties as Moon's personal missionary. Working as a cook, a hotel maid, and at similar jobs, she gathered a handful of apostles and waited for more propitious times for her enterprise. In 1970, she moved across the bay to Berkeley to be nearer the University and to the spiritual crisis caused by the death rattle of the radical and countercultural movements. With the blessings of the True Parent in Seoul, she married a balding, moon-faced junior college teacher named Martin Durst, gave him the cult name "Moses," and began collecting spiritual children.

By 1976, the Durst family had grown to more than 300. The organization mirrored that of the national Unification Church in its concern for property, tax exemption and sound investment. In addition to a 600-acre ranch in the small northern California town of Boonville, which served as a kind of benign bootcamp for new recruits (it is referred to in the cult's songs as "Bambi-

The Faithful Five: Brown, Hovard, Kaplan, Underwood and Katz were told to restore 2,000 years of history

(LEFT) PHOTOGRAPH BY SAM SILVER; (ABOVE) PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID BURNETT/GAMMA LIAISON



PHOTOGRAPH BY SAM SILVER

Symbols: "She is completely different from the girl we knew," said Raymond Underwood of his Moon-struck daughter Barbara (in glasses)

land"), there were several large Georgian homes in Berkeley and San Francisco serving as residences and induction centers for new members, a restaurant, an office-cleaning business and miscellaneous rental properties.

The Dursts' flower-selling vans ranged from Alaska to the Midwest. Working 18 hours a day, seven days a week, collecting up to $50,000 a month, the seven Moonies in each van began the morning with crunchy Granola and a chant On-ni had taught them: "Lord of Heaven/Peace on Earth/Give the Money/Restore the Earth." Occasionally they trespassed on the territory of vans sent out by the national headquarters; more than once, members of the Durst family had their flowers stolen as punishment for this encroachment. But generally On-ni could almost do as she pleased. She was Moon's most successful apostle. She had built the only real organization the Church had outside its headquarters in Westchester County and New York City. She had a reputation for being "result oriented." Some of the results were spiritual; some were reified in the form of jewelry, money and, in 1976, a $21,000 cream-colored Mercedes Benz delivered to Moon himself.

Opposing the Durst family was the natural family. The parents of the five Moonies were above average in income and education, generally successful, and somewhat embarrassed to be in court at this point in their lives trying to prove that their adult children were vulnerable to the impositions of "artful and designing persons" and thus needed to be placed under temporary conservatorship. The parents had all experienced the same syndrome: a sudden transfer of their children's allegiance from them to the Dursts as surrogates for Sun Myung Moon. Futilely, they had tried everything possible to coax their children back, before turning to the one remedy on the market: deprogramming.

The image of a 90-year-old father doddering into court to gain custody of his 60-year-old child was a fitting climax to the hearing

Deprogramming had been available since 1971, when a 41-year-old black community relations worker named Ted Patrick became embroiled with cults operating on the beaches of southern California. He helped the parents of a 20-year-old coed kidnap her from a Children of God commune, and then spent the next two days wheedling, challenging and threatening her into a recantation. Flying from one city to another over the next five years, Patrick earned his nickname, "Black Lightning," by snatching and deprogramming more than 1,400 young people, almost all middle-class whites.

But by 1976, when Patrick was convicted and sent to jail after being charged with false imprisonment by a Hare Krishna, his methods were becoming obsolete and the center of anticult activity had shifted to the Arizona headquarters of a 28-year-old attorney named Michael Trauscht.

Trauscht had first clashed with cults in his capacity as Deputy County Attorney for Tuscon. His notion was that, since the will of cult members might be said to be frozen, they should be dealt with as incompetents rather than as runaways; the law should be used, not flaunted. Trauscht found that judges would grant ex parte orders under conservatorship proceedings without even requiring the appearance of the cultist. The only thing needed was a brief court appearance by the parents and affidavits from anticult psychologists and (deprogrammed) former cult members. Once the conservatorship was granted, the local sheriff's office was obliged to help locate and apprehend the conservatee.

Such an approach was efficient, predictable and best of all legal. There was literally a crying need for it on the part of people like the Underwoods, who wanted to be law-abiding yet also wanted their children back. The requests began rolling in as Trauscht's name went out on the national grapevine linking parents of cultists. The message was almost always the same: I'll pay you whatever it costs, just get my child out.

In 1976, Trauscht was joined by Wayne Howard, an old law school friend with considerable experience in private practice. Howard helped put the operation on a sound financial footing. A fee of $10,000 to $15,000 was established; it included legal work, court appearances, and also the deprogramming itself. For this critical part of the operation, Trauscht and Howard retained Joe Alexander, a 56-year-old former Chrysler-Plymouth dealer in Akron who had become involved in the war against the cults after watching Ted Patrick deprogram his nephew. Moved by the experience of seeing a young man whom the entire family had written off as dead be returned to life, Alexander, a devout Catholic, began working with Patrick, eventually branching out to handle some 500 cases on his own. His wife, Esther, worked with him, as did his son, Joe Jr., a Vietnam veteran who operates a body shop in Akron. In 1976, Joe and Esther

Peter Collier's most recent book, The Rockefellers: An American Dynasty, *has just come out in paperback.*

The smoker's guide to low-tar cigarettes.

With all the controversy about smoking going on, lots of smokers are deciding to switch to low-tar cigarettes.

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Next there are those brands that promise nothing but low-tar numbers. They're fine if low numbers are all you want. Because their scientific filters work so well, they filter out most of the taste.

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It will probably turn out to be the only low-tar cigarette you'll enjoy.

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FILTER: 10 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine, MENTHOL: 11 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC. '76; FILTER 100's: 11 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, by FTC method.

PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY OF JOE ALEXANDER

PHOTOGRAPH BY SAM SILVER

PHOTOGRAPH BY SAM SILVER

Alexander Sr. (with "rehabilitated" Moonie), Trauscht and Howard: "Thirty Days or Your Moonie Back" is the unofficial slogan of their Freedom of Thought Foundation; for $10,000, they usually deliver

had moved to Tucson after the grateful parents of a young duPont, whom Trauscht and Alexander had "saved," gave them $100,000 to help start a nonprofit clearing house for anticult technology and a rehabilitation center that would allow deprogrammed cultists to gradually reenter the workaday world.

Trauscht and Wayne Howard had "gotten out" over 90 young people in their first year of operation. Some were from Krishna and the handful of odd sects, like the Tony and Susan Alamo Christian Foundation, that always seemed to be springing up. But most were Moonies. It had gradually come down to a war between the Freedom of Thought Foundation, as Trauscht called his operation, and the Dursts.

In January of this year, after two of her most successful disciples were taken off the streets of Berkeley, On-ni Durst herself had journeyed to Tuscon, confirming her growing reputation as Moon's Dragon Lady by prowling around the Foundation headquarters and screaming for her children until Howard came out to confront her, at which time she spit in his face; he then filed suit charging battery. Back in the Bay Area, she had instructed Unification Church lawyers to obtain powers of attorney over everyone in The Family and to furnish their names to all northern California judges in an effort to stop the ex parte hearings and force a confrontation in open court. In March, Judge Lee Vavuris decided to grant a full hearing in an attempt to clarify the issues. Underwood, Brown, Hovard, Katz and Kaplan, whose parents were next in line for Trauscht's services, were to be the legal guinea pigs.

As the date for the hearing approached, The Family tried to strengthen their martyrs for their test of faith. As Leslie Brown later noted, "Bento Leal [who earlier had successfully resisted deprogramming] told us we shouldn't listen to anything we were told by deprogrammers. We were to pretend we were 'weakening' and pray to God to show us the time and plan for escape. Kristina Morrison [On-ni Durst's right-hand woman] told us Evey [a recently deprogrammed Moonie] had broken a bottle but wasn't 'strong' enough to slice her wrists. Noah Ross [head of the Boonville center] said he would rather die or kill himself if he was on the verge of being deprogrammed. . . . We were given the name 'Faithful Five' and told we were responsible to prove our faith and help restore 2,000 years of history. We were each given $20 for possible needs."

The parents' reaction after seeing their respective children for the first time in months, if not years, was more mundane. Beatrice Kaplan convinced her daughter to go with her to Macy's the day before court convened. "Good Lord," she later groused, "you'd think that with all the money she's raised for them they'd at least dress her decently. I come all the way from Toledo and what's the first thing I've got to do? Buy her some bras!"

After watching her son rock slightly and chant under his breath the morning the hearing began, Gael Hovard said, "Just look at him! They've made him into a zombie! He hasn't spoken a decent word to us. When his father bought him a little overnight case for the clothes we got him, you know what he did? He just scowled at it! Then he happened to see the little trademark and he smiled and said, 'Oh. Well at least you bought something that was made in South Korea.'"

Michael Trauscht's opening statement made it clear why the ACLU had entered the case an an *amicus curae* and had stationed an attorney at the Moonies' table: "These five young people were subjected to food deprivation, sleep deprivation and peer pressure, the same techniques that were used in North Korean prison camps. . . . They have been financially and mentally raped. . . . Their thoughts are not determined by their own internal mechanism. Certainly the First Amendment guarantees freedom of religion, but necessary to each guaranteed freedom is freedom of thought." Since they did not possess this freedom, added Trauscht, it would be no real violation of the rights of the Five to put them in their parents' custody for a regimen of "reality-inducing therapy."

Dr. Samuel Benson, a psychiatrist who had examined the Five (and their parents) the weekend before the hearing, was the first expert witness. He began by enumerating the symptoms he'd found: "blunted affect, frozen emotionality, artificial happiness, memory

Continued on page 36

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BRINGING HOME THE MOONIES:

THE BODY SNATCH

By Craig Waters

Kenneth and Eileen Perry, proper, church-going New Englanders, were the most unlikely of criminals. But now they were about to kidnap a young woman from the streets of New York—drug her, abduct her and transport her to a foreign country. A mean and dirty business, but given what they knew about the Reverend Sun Myung Moon, the Perrys felt they had no other choice

The small plane fluttered down toward a Long Island airstrip like a kite that had lost the scent of the wind. It was a cold Sunday morning in early February and the sky was otherwise empty; the plane, a dab of blue and white on an overcast canvas, glided for the runway, its wings gently dipping first this way, then that.

The plane landed and, after a moment's hesitation, taxied to an isolated section of the field, where four men and three Hertz rent-a-cars were waiting. The pilot killed the Navaho's twin engines, choking their roar into sudden silence. A passenger, who had served as copilot on the trip down from Boston, was the first one out.

Mike Pascal was huge, a monolith of a man, 6 foot 4 inches, 264 pounds. Everything about him—his hands, his arms, his head—seemed larger than life. The features of his face were thick and fleshy, as if sculpted from dough. His eyes were stone.

Pascal was a private detective. He glanced at the cars, nodded to the waiting men, then turned to help the two remaining passengers from the plane.

Kenneth and Eileen Perry (not their real names) were a middle-aged, upper-income couple who belonged to the Republican Party and the United Church of Christ; raised in Kansas, they retained the sandy, sun-faded look of the Plains. He was an executive with a major defense contractor in Massachusetts; she was the curator of their neat, $90,000 home. Sensible, solid people.

Now they glanced about nervously, taking in the airfield, the cars, the shadowy figures of the waiting men; Perry rubbed at his temples as though to dispel the hangover of a strange dream.

Pascal showed them to an empty, two-door Ford; they climbed into the back, and he squeezed into the driver's seat. "Fucking compacts," he swore, shoving the seat back a few inches.

The three of them—Pascal and Mr. and Mrs. Perry—were unlikely confederates in crime. But a crime was what had brought them together. This day, in just a few hours, they would kidnap a young woman from the streets of New York City.

They would drug her, abduct her, transport her to a foreign country and force her to remain there against her will. It was a mean and dirty business, and it terrified the Perrys. If there was a mistake, the life they had fashioned so carefully, so cautiously, would be lost on one toss of the dice. But it had to be. There was no other choice.

The yellow Ford threaded through the steel spaghetti of the Queensboro Bridge, and turned toward mid-Manhattan. Inside, Eileen Perry toyed absent-mindedly with the gold charms on her bracelet; her husband stared vacantly at the passing buildings, his breath fogging on the cold glass.

The Perrys had four children—two daughters and two sons. Two were visiting with relatives, and another was away at college; the fourth, their oldest girl, was living here in New York.

Amy was 20 now, a pretty girl, a blue-eyed blond with a slender figure and shy, self-conscious ways. She was sober and hard-working, the natural heir of her parents' stern view of the world; she didn't smoke, or drink, or date boys. Instead, she gave herself to causes.

At home, she had been active in church programs, and had devoted her summers to various community projects. Then, when she was a senior in high school, Amy had become involved with the Unification Church. Invited by a friend to a UC center in Boston, she had been impressed by the clean-cut young people she found there, and touched by the warmth of their welcome. She had returned for the songs, the discussion, and for the gift of affection.

Like the rest of the country, her parents had known little then about the church, and less still about its founder, the Reverend Sun Myung Moon, a wealthy Korean businessman and self-certified messiah. They had seen no reason to discourage her interest.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEVE PHILLIPS

NEW YORKER

Leaving home to attend the University of Massachusetts at Amherst had proven difficult for Amy. There, in the dormitory and in her classrooms, she had been unceremoniously exposed to a world she was not prepared for: alcohol, soft drugs, sexual permissiveness; she had felt like a nun in Babylon. Confused by the choices, she had retreated to the cozy shelter and easy answers of the Unification Church.

She had moved into a UC center off campus, and then, at the end of her first semester, had left school to save the world. She had disappeared before her parents could stop her. Since then, she had bounced from state to state like a migrant worker: California, Colorado, Texas, Washington—sometimes the postmarks changed twice a week.

She had attended lengthy training sessions, but had spent most of her time fund-raising for the church. Amy had worked the sidewalks, streets and shopping centers of Modesto, Boulder, Corpus Christi and Tacoma, selling candy and flowers for the greater glory of her messiah, the Reverend Sun Myung Moon.

Her parents hadn't seen her in two years.

Pascal drove the Perrys to a run-down brick building on East 42nd Street. There, in a small dark office filled with gun cases and dented filing cabinets, they reviewed their plan one last time: The Perrys would meet the "subject" at the Hotel New Yorker, drive to a municipal garage on East 34th, and have a midday dinner at a restaurant across the street; they would slip 15 mg. of liquefied Librium into the subject's drink. Pascal would take care of everything else.

When the review was completed, two of Pascal's New York operatives took the Perrys to dry-run the route. Pascal and the other locals headed for the Hotel "Pepsi," an Eighth Avenue flophouse nicknamed after an adjoining soft-drink sign; rooms at the Pepsi generally rented by the hour, but, for the past five days, Pascal had reserved one for surveillance. This morning, as he entered the room, he found a middle-aged black man and a *very* young white woman busy on the bed.

The man spun around, and stared up, disbelieving, at the stony giant. "Hey, man!" he screamed. "What the hell's coming down?"

"My room," Pascal said. "Get out."

Craig Waters is an associate editor of Boston *magazine.*

Everything about private eye Pascal seemed larger than life. The features of his face were thick, fleshy, as if sculpted from dough. His eyes were stone

A desk clerk stuck his head in at the door. "You weren't using it nights anyway," he told Pascal.

An hour later, at 12:15, the Perrys came down Eighth Avenue and turned in at the old New Yorker. Moon had purchased the hotel for $5 million in May 1976 and made it his World Mission Center. The Perrys glanced about the near-empty lobby, anxious for a glimpse of their daughter, but saw only smiling strangers. Two of Moon's young followers greeted them, asked who they were, who they wished to see, where they intended to go. It was like a security check at an ABM silo.

Finally, after several minutes, Amy appeared. Her hair was a bit shorter, and she had gained a few pounds, but otherwise she hadn't changed, not outwardly, in the last two years. She still had a lovely smile and blue fireworks in her eyes. She kissed her mother, hugged her father and introduced Kim, a Korean girlfriend.

Pascal was scratching the side of his head with the snub of a .38 as the Perrys left the hotel. "Damn it!" He rammed the gun into his shoulder holster. "She's got a fucking chaperone." He followed them with binoculars as they walked down Eighth Avenue and climbed into the yellow Ford.

"Thank God they haven't changed anything else," he grumbled.

As the Perrys drove off, a shiny black Ford pulled away from the curb and fell into place behind them. At his hotel window, Pascal turned to his two strong-arm men. "It's on," he said.

Ken Perry couldn't believe this was happening. The most lawless thing he had ever done before was to run a red light; now suddenly he was bankrolling guns and drugs and private eyes.

He glanced into the rearview mirror: the black Ford was there. But so was Amy, sitting beside her mother.

Given what they knew, they felt there was no other choice. When they realized that Amy really was gone, the Perrys had investigated Reverend Moon and his unorthodox church. At first, they had found only lean paragraphs about a Korean evangelist who was now attracting followers in the United States. But, before long, the media had begun to fill in the blanks. And with each detail, Moon's portrait grew more foreboding.

The Perrys had not been overly

disturbed by Moon's politics, or by his success, or even by his visions. But they had grown increasingly concerned about his use of their daughter. Psychiatrists and former church members had begun to describe, and to condemn, the church's unorthodox methods, methods that seemed to draw heavily on North Korean brainwashing techniques.

The Perrys had read, for instance, the statement of Dr. John G. Clark Jr., a Harvard Medical School psychiatrist who has studied religious cults: "The . . . hazards are extreme," he had warned. ". . . Coercive persuasion and thought reform are [being] effectively practiced on naive, uninformed subjects with disastrous health consequences."

Finally, the evidence had seemed overwhelming: their daughter was in danger. She had become a robot in the service of Reverend Moon.

The Perrys began to consider their options. They already had learned that few members left the Unification Church voluntarily; their own attempts to reason with Amy, in letters and during her rare late-night phone calls, had met with cold rebuffs. The parents of some cultists had resorted to conservatorships, seeking legal custody of temporarily *incapable* children. The tactic had been used successfully in some 80 cases, but was hardly foolproof: it was being challenged on Constitutional grounds; and even if the stratagem survived that challenge, a cult could evade a court's order simply by shipping the defendant out of state.

The only other option was kidnapping.

A number of parents had abducted their child, and then forced the child to undergo "deprogramming"—an intense "re-education" "taught" by therapists and former cult members. Deprogramming took nine times out of ten, but, because of the inevitable exception, and because the "children" involved usually were adults, a few parents had wound up in jail.

Torn between their fear for Amy and their distaste for the only available options, the Perrys had painfully bided their time. Then, two days before Christmas, they had received a postcard from Amy—a photograph of Corpus Christi Bay. On it, she had drawn a cartoon of "Home, Seaweed, Home," the family's 18-foot sailboat. For the first time in two years, Kenneth Perry had felt the presence of his daughter.

Without thinking, without first speaking to Eileen, he had picked up the Yellow Pages and turned to Detective Agencies: A . . . Aa—"Aamper Bureau of Investigation & Security Inc." The first "A" was for the telephone listing, "a-m-p" was for A. Michael Pascal and the final "e-r" was for Ernie Reid, his associate.

Pascal gave the Perrys 15 minutes, then followed them into the restaurant: a small dark room with faded Tiffany lamps and sawdust on the floor. The Perrys were seated toward the rear. Pascal stepped out of his 50XL overcoat and sat down at the table beside them. "God!" thought Ken Perry. "It's like being shadowed by Rosie Greer."

Perry turned to the girls; Amy and Kim were still smiling, still nodding mechanically. It was a painfully awkward conversation: he or Eileen would say something, the girls would smile, and the thought would slip into a bottomless pit. It was like chipping golf balls off a cliff. Pascal was oblivious to their discomfort: he ordered a Smirnoff's and water, with Fresca for a chaser, and the London broil—rare.

"Another $20 out of the kids' college fund," thought Perry. Pascal's fee was $200 a day plus expenses; and he rarely ordered corn flakes.

Pascal was not at all what Perry had anticipated. Primed by *Mannix* and *Cannon* and *Barnaby Jones*, he had anticipated an articulate man-about-town, a plush office and perhaps a secretary who doubled as daughter-in-law. So much for life imitating art.

Pascal was 40, a dark storm-cloud of a man who had been known to go for weeks without using a compound sentence. His office, a cluttered suite of rooms renovated by Plywood City, was located in a rundown neighborhood known for its lesbian bars. And his secretary, a stunning 21-year-old Sicilian, was his personal Playmate of the Month.

Few people knew Pascal well. During their month of dealings, Perry hadn't discovered that Pascal had been a marine, or that his father had played with Paul Whiteman's orchestra, or that he had been married twice, or that he had once met Howard Hughes, or that he had a daughter nearly Amy's age. Pascal's talent was listening. He spoke only when he wanted something.

Pascal looked up from the London broil and spotted his man at the bar: "Hey, Charlie, you old cocksucker!" he bellowed. "What the hell are you doing here?" Amy and Kim spun around and stared at him, disbelieving. "C'mon over—bring your drink!" Pascal gestured wildly with both of his arms.

And Eileen slipped the Librium into Amy's Coke.

Perry didn't know it, but his choice of Pascal had been a fortunate one. Pascal was one of perhaps half a dozen private detectives in the country who had made something of a specialty of snatching young people from cults—detectives who were now commanding as much as $15,000 per grab. During the fall, Pascal had scored a Moonie in Washington and a Hare Krishna in Taos.

When Perry phoned him in December, many of his contacts were still in place. Initially, Pascal had assigned the task of locating Amy to a Corpus Christi attorney and two retired Texas Rangers. Then, in January, Amy had called her parents from New York; she had returned east to work on *News World*, a Unification newspaper, and was now staying at the Hotel New Yorker. Pascal had put a surveillance team outside the hotel and an undercover agent on the inside.

Amy had been spotted two days later as she and a group of other young people were being driven in a blue and white van to the Loft Candy building in Long Island City; the old block-long factory had been turned into a printing plant.

While his partner had searched for a safe deprogramming site, Pascal had concocted, tested and killed half a dozen plans: he had briefly considered hijacking the van on the Queensboro Bridge or storming the Loft Candy factory. But finally he had settled on the simplest, and most promising, approach.

The Perrys had phoned Amy, saying that they would soon be visiting New York, and had invited her to dinner.

Thus far, the plan had worked.

Amy finished her Coke while her father paid the bill. It had been a pleasant day; she felt warm and relaxed and sleepy. Like a baby tucked in for the evening. "This was nice," she said to her mother.

They all slipped on their coats and left the restaurant. Outside, it was still bitterly cold, and they huddled deeper into their clothes. They walked east on 34th, Amy between her parents, Kim trailing a few feet behind, and crossed at the light.

As they headed back toward the garage, Perry noticed Pascal and two of his cohorts about to cross the street.

The Perrys reached the garage and walked down to the first level, where their car was parked. Ken opened the passenger's door, and held back the seat for his wife: Eileen climbed into the rear; then Amy. Then Perry took a deep, nervous breath, and waited for the inevitable.

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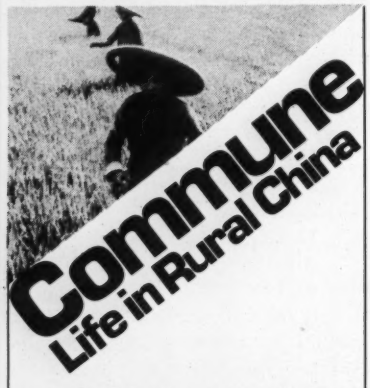

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Pascal lumbered up from behind like a lazy Green Bay tackle. And shoved: Perry went sprawling across the laps of his daughter and wife. "Get in there," Pascal growled. He locked and slammed the door, and ran around to the driver's side. Kim had frozen in her tracks.

Pascal flashed his detective's badge at the Perrys as he dropped into the driver's seat. He grabbed for the ignition, but it was empty; he checked the visor and felt under the seat—there weren't any keys! Pascal jumped out of the car and charged the parking attendant.

"You looking for these, man?" the attendant asked coyly, jiggling a set of keys.

"You fucking idiot! I'll kill you!" Pascal swore, and tore the keys from his hand.

Kim had apparently thawed: she was trying to get into the locked car. "What's happening? What's happening?" she bleated.

Pascal grabbed her by the collar, and lifted her face up to his. "You," he said. "Go away." He tossed her aside.

He jumped into the car again, started the engine, slammed it into drive, and careened around the corner of the ramp. He braked for an instant at the top, then hung a hard left and took off down 34th Street. Shiny black Fords ran interference front and rear.

"What's this all about?" The statement came from the rear seat. Perry's voice was flat, unconvincing. "What's going on, officer?"

"This car is dirty," Pascal snapped. "I'm taking it in, and I'm taking you in."

"There must have been a mistake," Perry said. "We just rented the car this morning."

"You made the mistake, Jack. We've been watching this car for a week, and we know what you're bringing into the city. You're all a part of it."

The discussion continued, grew more heated as Perry warmed to his role; soon the two men were shouting and threatening one another—"I'll have your badge for this, you ape!" "You'd better shut your fucking mouth, mister!"

Amy did nothing. She sat, unspeaking, unmoving, between her mother and her father. Everything seemed so unreal: she was with her parents, and she was being arrested, and Kim had disappeared, and she felt *so* sleepy. It was only when the car turned in at the Long Island airstrip that a faint reality began to emerge.

Pascal drove directly to the taxiway where the Navaho was waiting, its engines already running. The two black Fords pulled across the access road, blocking it off to further traffic. Pascal stopped by the plane and turned to Amy: "Look," he said, more gently now, "no matter what you see or hear, it's being done for your own good.

"Now, I want you to come with your parents freely—no commotion. I have handcuffs, but I don't think I'm going to have to use them." He stared at her menacingly. "Am I?" he asked.

"No," Amy said, but no sound came out.

"Okay. So just come along with me."

Pascal, the Perrys and two security men boarded the plane. Seconds later, the blue and white kite bolted down the runway and leapt into the late afternoon sky. It climbed slowly, until it finally pierced the overcast: there was a flash of sun above the clouds. But the light faded quickly.

A cold winter Sunday was nearly over.

Everyone settled in for the flight. In half an hour, Amy was sound asleep, the blond jumble of her hair cradled in her mother's lap; Eileen lifted the hair away from her face, and stroked her daughter's head.

It was after dark and well below zero when they landed in Montreal. Ernie Reid, Pascal's associate, was waiting for them with cars and cold-weather gear. They slipped on boots and parkas, and followed him for 40 miles, through snow-smothered countryside, to the deprogramming center: a small summer home on an isolated lake.

There, Amy was greeted by the deprogrammers—a woman and three men, two of them former members of the Unification Church—and examined by a doctor: he found nothing wrong.

Amy, along with her parents, would spend at least a week here, discussing her faith ad infinitum with the four other young people; Reid would monitor the authenticity of her "recovery" with the PSE—the psychological stress evaluator. Eventually, she would be moved to a rehabilitation center in New Hampshire. Then, in perhaps a month and a half, Amy would be allowed to go home.

Pascal stomped back out into the snow, climbed into his car and headed toward the Montreal airport. It had been a long day, and he was very tired; but he had to be back at his desk by eight the next morning. There were three more kidnappings to plan.●

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impairment and a general void of information." Concentrating on Barbara Underwood, he noted that, while she probably was the least damaged of all five, she was also typical in many ways: "She is constricted in language both in terms of frequency of word usage and also of quality. She could not describe any of the pleasures of childhood or of relationships with people she'd grown up with. As I probed her attitudes, I saw that there was paranoia concerning these old relationships and toward society in general." The symptoms, he said, were not easily described by conventional psychiatric nomenclature, but were consistent with "coercive persuasion."

Next on the stand was Margaret Singer, a research psychologist at the University of California who had studied brainwashing off and on since the Korean War armistice, when she was part of a government team that examined former prisoners of war on the troop ships bringing them home. Her special interest in the language patterns of individuals under stress had led F. Lee Bailey to retain her to examine Patty Hearst, although her subsequent testimony was given out of the jury's hearing when the judge decided that the subject matter was too speculative. Recently she had studied former cult members in and around Berkeley.

After a detailed exegesis of Johns Hopkins professor Edgar Schein's *Coercive Persuasion*, the standard text in the field, Singer described the techniques of "unfreezing" (the destruction of a convert's past and the substitution of a new identity for the old), which she felt took place in the "high coercion cults" in a manner similar to that exercised in POW camps. Turning to her examination of the Five, she said they were "regressed and childlike, functioning at a lower intellectual level than would be expected from people of their age and background." She said that they were all victims of a "psychological kidnapping," and produced results of a "draw-a-person" test she had administered to each of them. Leslie Brown's picture of a woman, she noted, had no breasts or other secondary sex characteristics. Holding up Johnny Hovard's impatient stick figure with three dots and a slash for facial features, she said: "It indicates diminished capacity."

The weekend after Margaret Singer's testimony, something happened which placed the question of brainwashing—and of "reality-inducing therapy"—in a somewhat different perspective. It began on Sunday afternoon, when 26-year-old Laurance Baer agreed to meet his parents for lunch and a shopping expedition in Sausalito. At first, he had been reluctant to see them when they called to say that they were flying into San Francisco for a brief holiday. His father, a successful Phoenix doctor, had been bitter about Laurey's membership in the Unification Church and previously had hinted about deprogramming. But after having another Moonie check out his parents in their hotel, Baer decided that he would go ahead and meet them. The trial of the Five seemed to signal a temporary truce, during which Trauscht and Howard would seek no additional ex parte orders.

PHOTOGRAPH BY SAM SILVER

Cool: When Laurance Baer (here with mother) resisted deprogramming, ice water was poured on his face

Barbara Underwood reminded herself not to sit in the driver's seat of a car because the left-hand position is Satan's

The three Baers were looking in a Sausalito store window and chatting when a blond, collegiate-looking man stepped up and held out a piece of paper. "Laurey," he said, "I'm Mike Trauscht, your parents' attorney. We have a temporary conservatorship placing you under their custody to determine whether or not you're under mind control." Hearing his mother break into sobs behind him, Baer tried to run, but was caught by Trauscht and sheriff's deputies standing nearby. As he was dragged along the pavement toward a car, he struggled, scraping his hand and nose and losing a shoe. Pushed inside the car, he recognized former comrades from the Unification Church who were now working for the Freedom of Thought Foundation.

They drove to a rendezvous point, got into another car, and then drove to a Santa Cruz Holiday Inn. Baer slept that night in a room with three ex-Moonie deprogrammers, who all shared a bed that had been placed against the motel room door to prevent escape.

The next morning, things began calmly, the leisurely atmosphere a reminder that they had all the time in the world to break him, a full 30 days if necessary. ("Thirty Days or Your Moonie Back" was a favorite Foundation pun.) But as the day went on, Baer was badgered about his beliefs and forced to listen to diatribes against Moon. The deprogrammers promised to take him out skiing and golfing when he began to respond.

After four days, Baer was suddenly rushed out of the motel room by police and taken to a car. The Moonies, with the help of a San Francisco private detective, had located him and his captors, and were now causing so much commotion outside the motel that Trauscht and Joe Alexander had decided to move him to Fresno. There he was again placed in a motel room; this time the treatment was more harsh.

"They blared at me with really sarcastic dirty stories about church members from five in the afternoon on," Baer later recounted. "At midnight, I requested to sleep, but when I lay down, they put a loud tape recorder right next to my ear. Whenever I moved, they followed. So I pulled the blanket over my head, but they ripped it off. Then they took away my pillow, and said I had to hear the 'truth,' and that the 'truth would set me free'. . . . When I still tried to sleep in spite of the recorder, Mitch said, 'You can't sleep now.' They kept me up till 3:45. The next day, they came on really nice, but when I refused to talk, they got more seve . Mitch said I couldn't stand, but that I would have to sit and listen. When I tried to stand, he threw me on the bed . . . I tried to get up a few more times, so he finally threw me on the floor and held me in a scissors hold. Then Michelle got an ice bucket of water. . . . Every time I tried to close my eyes or turn my head, they poured water in my face."

After two days of this, Baer felt

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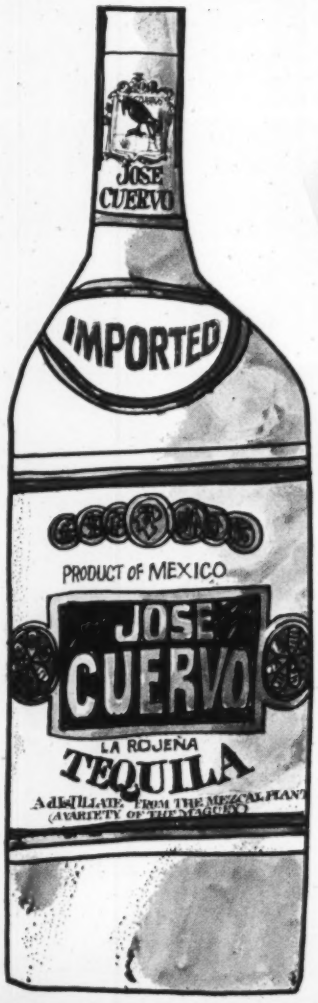

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close to breaking and decided to try to escape. At about 3:30 Sunday morning, he slipped out of bed, went to the window and jumped, crashing through the screen onto the ground below. He ran through the motel parking lot, through several yards, and then into open fields. He came to an all-night gas station and traded the attendant his ballpoint pen for enough change to make a phone call to Berkeley. Then he went out into a furrowed field and hid until noon the following day, when the Moonies' private eye finally found him.

Back in San Francisco Superior Court, Moonie lawyers tried to capitalize on the furor the Baer episode had caused by attempting to inject the deprogramming issue into the hearing. Ultimately, however, the Moonies' case would be decided by the impression that the Five themselves made on the court. They took the stand prepped to show that they were not brainwashed, but were in fact vibrant, thoughtful adults who did not deserve the kind of treatment Baer had received.

Some gave performances to demonstrate that their intelligence was unim-

"Just look at him!" cried John Hovard's mother. "They've made him into a zombie!"

paired and their creativity not blunted. Barbara Underwood read some spiritual free verse she'd recently written. Then Janice Kaplan, an organic foods clerk and masseuse before joining the church, tapped her foot softly and sang *Summertime*. She was followed to the stand by Jackie Katz, who accompanied herself on guitar while singing *Rock Me on the Water*.

Leslie Brown, who had earned a niche in the Moonie hall of fame by once selling $1,300 worth of flowers by herself in a single day, told of going to the Boonville ranch for a weekend, experiencing the massive onslaught of attention the cult calls "love-bombing," and then deciding to join: "It gave me a whole new insight into what life could and should be. My whole awareness seemed to open. Everyone was connected. The colors in my life were suddenly very bright. It was a really beautiful experience."

Speaking a common language of epiphany, the four women all told the same story of going from one thing to another—ideal-world shopping—before they found Moon. John Hovard told of a life before his conversion that was set in a shadowy world of drugs and stolen goods. Moonie co-counsel Ralph Baker tested him on the issue of memory impairment by asking if he could remember things from his childhood. "Sure," he replied sardonically, "like once when I was seven, I said a dirty word and my mother washed my mouth out with soap."

As the hearing dragged on, Judge Vavuris had grown more and more impatient. Now, pointing out that a hearing originally scheduled to last two days was on the verge of its third week, he called for closing arguments on the morning of March 24 and promised to deliver a decision after lunch.

Speaking that afternoon to a packed court with tight security, he began by noting that this was one of the most difficult cases he had ever been involved in and that he would welcome an appeal so that the issues might be clarified. Yet, for himself, he had no doubts about which family to choose. "We're talking about the very essence of life here," he said, "mother, father and children. There's nothing closer in our civilization. This is the essence of civilization. . . . It is the essence of life. . . . These are adults, but a child is a child even though the parent may be 90 and the child is 60." All five conservatorships were granted.

Outside the courtroom, the spiritual family waited. Rank-and-file Moonies on temporary leave from their jobs of witnessing and selling flowers reached out to pat Barbara Underwood, who spoke into a microphone thrust at her as she passed through the crowd: "I'm looking forward to this. It will be a test of my faith." After the Faithful Five had disappeared into the elevators that would take them to the squadron of rented cars idling below in the courthouse driveway, some of the Moonies cried like children.

Inside his chambers, Vavuris, who had gained brief notoriety as the judge in the Soledad Brothers trial, sprawled in a chair with his robe unbuttoned. Asked if the expert testimony had been important, he swatted the air: "No, you really can't set too much store by *those* people." What was the basis for the decision then? "Well, I could see how much those parents cared, how much they loved those children. . . ." His wife, who had come into the room, interrupted him gently. "That's right. And they're lucky to have them. We know how they feel. We have two children, both adopted, both grown. One's diabetic, the other's retarded." The judge said, "He's in an institution up in

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Stockton, and I try to see him every weekend if I can."

Ludicrous though it might have been in another context, the image of a 90-year-old father doddering into court to gain custody of his 60-year-old child was somehow a fitting climax to this hearing. Throughout, the subliminal issue had been the break-up of the American family—that floating, almost institutionalized crisis that has been reoccurring for at least a generation.

Each decade finds a new external menace to embody its fears of that break-up. In the fifties, it was juvenile delinquency that alienated children from family; in the sixties, it was psychedelics and the counterculture. And today, those parents whose children have joined Krishna, the Unification Church, or some other sect, are insisting that in the seventies the threat is cultism and, more specifically, mind control.

The specter of brainwashing may provide such parents with something to rationalize the mindlessness of their children's conversions, but it doesn't answer the questions. Why, after all, is it "mind control" when practiced by the Moonies, but "religious training" when undergone by Jesuits and Carmelites in the seclusion of their orders? And while certainly there is tremendous pressure on incipient Moon children to stay and work for the cult after the first contact, there is no force, no captivity. For every ten individuals who show up at a Moonie residence for the nightly free dinner and lecture, eight leave without further contact. Among those who remain, there is constant attrition as they journey through the realms of Mooniedom.

Brainwashing has arisen as an acceptable explanation of cultism not because of the scientific evidence, which is scant indeed, but from the power of a compelling syllogism: our children must be under mind control, else why would they do something so shallow and so stupid? Brainwashing allows parents to avoid responsibility for what has happened to their children and for the breakdown of their family. Former Moonies can use it to exonerate themselves for their susceptibility to such banality; for deprogrammers brainwashing is a justification in the same way that heresy vindicates the inquisitor and demons the exorcist.

Really, there is only one problem that "brainwashing" does not solve. After the Raymond Underwoods have hired people to erase the tapes playing in their children's heads, what are they left with? The same children who were gullible enough to become Moonies in the first place.

Consider Barbara Underwood, who—just as her father became the symbolic parent during the Faithful Five hearing—emerged as the symbolic Moonie. Carl Shapiro, a local attorney working with Trauscht and Howard on the case, described her precult interests in great detail, portraying her as a talented poet and photographer, a person of catholic taste whose interests ranged from mountain climbing to cooking to Kierkegaard. The image that emerged from her own testimony was of someone seeking, without an idea of what might be found; of someone ready to serve, but not particular about whom or what.

A journal she had kept during her first months in the cult was introduced as evidence. After she decided to join, but before moving in, she writes: "When I arrive in The Family, I must ask: am I doing this as an act of my will or someone else's? Is this a sacrifice I will make because it serves the whole—or is it a denial for an abstract, external, or even immediate authority source? . . . How important is Freedom v. Happiness? How much self-responsibility is allowed? How open is the struggle to critical thinking?" The questions are posed so she can believe she has consid-

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ered the step she is taking. But in fact she asks them without expecting answers or being willing to work for them. The entry is like the squid's ink: it creates a kind of diversion and allows her to escape in the confusion.

During her first week in the cult, Barbara writes more: "As I was meditating last night, I heard the closed meeting of trinity heads [a trinity is an affinity group within the church]. Explosive spirit Joy, my beautiful friend and teacher, told me later that there were evil influences, something about Satan. I listened to Joy explain this with outward equanimity, but inside I felt crazy. What am I involved in?" There were answers to that final question all along. But for reasons of her own, Barbara ignored them. A few pages further on—after talking about having read Doris Lessing—she routinely reminds herself not to sit in the driver's seat of a car because the left-hand position is Satan's. "Woman is always to the right—in bed, in car, on sidewalk—in relation to man."

It would be comforting to believe that the Barbara Underwoods become Moonies because they are afflicted by mind control. But the truth is less exotic: they join the Unification Church because it happens to be there. In other times, they might have chosen Moral Rearmament or the Peace Corps. They must join *something*. Their biological clock tells them it is time to be away from their family, to move out into the world. Yet the myths that eased the passages of previous generations—the need to make it, to establish an economic and social toehold, to begin a family—are dead in this crowded, post-scarcity world. Society provides no role, no worthwhile work; there are culturally approved narcissisms, but no outlet for the vestigial altruism left over from the sixties.

Seeing these young people in a state of incompletion, the Moonies offer to gather them up in a spiritual apocalypse that promises role, purpose and selfhood all in a single cosmic gesture of surrender. There is one place left where a person like Barbara Underwood can pretend that she's doing significant work, an adult-sized job such as saving the world, and yet have all the unthinking comforts of childhood: The Family. If the Moonies have an occult expertise, it is not in brainwashing, but in dispensing existence.

After rendering his decision, Judge Vavuris had given Moonie attorneys three days in which to file their appeal, specifying that during that time the Five could not be moved out of the northern California jurisdiction.

All weekend, the reunited families lounged in the spring sunshine of their San Francisco Airport TraveLodge. Barbara Underwood went shopping with her parents. Janice Kaplan was interviewed by network newscasters while she ate lunch with her mother in the motel's dining room. The ex-Moonies who help Joe Alexander with the deprogrammings were all there, anxious to get started. Joe Alexander Jr. had recruited friends who work with him in his Akron body shop to serve as a security force. They had already clashed with Moonies in a minor way during the Baer fiasco when the deprogrammers were tracked down in Santa Cruz. Now they patrolled the sidewalks outside the rooms of the Five and looked up suspiciously at a second-floor room said to have been rented by a Moonie spy. In all, there were over a dozen members of the Arizona operation in town. Wayne Howard complained that it was costing them over $3,000 a week.

Late Monday afternoon, the deprogrammers packed the Five and their parents into a caravan of cars; the five o'clock appeal deadline was approaching, and then they would be free to disperse and begin their work. But just before they pulled off, Moses Durst arrived and blocked their exit, shouting so that his voice would carry to the Moonies bracketed in the back seats of the cars. A judge from the State Court of Appeals had issued a modification of Vavuris' order pending the actual hearing of the appeal, Durst yelled. Their parents could provide food, shelter and support for the children, but they could not "use the services of persons or organizations in an attempt to alter their religious beliefs in any way." The Five didn't have to speak to anyone against their will. With Durst still gesturing into the rolled-up car windows, the caravan pulled away, splitting up to lose any tails the Moonies might send after them.

Over the next week, the Five surfaced periodically in Carmel, Big Sur, or some other resort spot, to be interviewed by the local press, which had become addicted to the story's soapoperatic qualities. Word began seeping out that on the basis of casual conversations with former friends in the church who had since become deprogrammers, Barbara Underwood had renounced her faith. A few days later, it was Leslie Brown. Then Jackie Katz. Suddenly it was the Faithful Two.

One afternoon, Janice Kaplan and John Hovard were brought together in a motel room and made to listen to a tape.

JESSE WINCHESTER

NOTHING BUT A BREEZE

JESSE WINCHESTER WAS BORN ON MAY 17, 1944, in Shreveport, Louisiana. His father, stationed there as an air force major at the time, descended from a prominent Memphis family, related by blood to Robert E. Lee, and to the founders of the city of Memphis. Jesse's great-great-great-great grandfather was responsible for getting Davey Crockett into national politics, while his grandfather gave the eulogy at jazz musician W.C. Handy's funeral.

In 1967, at the height of the Vietnam war, Jesse moved to Canada rather than participate.

In 1970, Jesse was "discovered" by The Band's Robbie Robertson, who produced his now legendary first album *Jesse Winchester* that included such classics as "Yankee Lady" and "Brand New Tennessee Waltz." Since then, those, and songs from his three subsequent albums have been recorded by such artists as Joan Baez, Jimmy Buffett, the Everly Brothers, Wilson Pickett, Fairport Convention, Babe Ruth, and Jonathan Edwards.

His own albums have received critical praise throughout the world.

The Washington Post's Tom Zito wrote, "...Winchester is the master of the simple lyric, a sentimental view tempered by a sense of humor." Robert Hilburn of the *Los Angeles Times* calls Jesse's style "warmly caressing and personal," while John Swenson in *Rolling Stone* said his songs have "rich, emotional impact."

In 1977, Jesse has recorded a new album, *Nothing But a Breeze,* produced by Brian Ahern. Now a citizen of Canada, Jesse was among those affected by President Carter's pardon, and is doing his first American tour this spring and summer.

Nothing But a Breeze/Jesse Winchester on Bearsville Records & Tapes

The first voice was Barbara Underwood's: "Hi, Johnny! Hi, Jan! This is Lael [her cult name]. I'm down here with Leslie and Jackie and we're doing our laundry and just wanted to say hi. We've had some marvelous experiences, really incredible. Wish you would join us. We want to share it with you. What really moved me and convinced me to listen to Jeff and Evey [deprogrammers] is that God created us with minds to hear and freely judge. . . . As I began to listen to Jeff and Evey, what really moved me was that they really cared more about God than anything else."

Then came Leslie Brown: "You know, Johnny and Jan, I felt really alone. I wondered, 'Where's God? Where's God?' It all seemed dark. I cried. But now my future vision is even more exciting, and even more incredible than before. . . . It's been a really amazing experience. We hope you'll come join us." Jackie Katz added, "There's nothing bad about deprogramming. It's really wonderful in such a deep way. I've gotten to know the people. They're really concerned."

Afterward, back with her mother, Janice Kaplan locked herself in the bathroom and scratched her wrists with a razor blade. Moonie lawyers tried to call it a suicide attempt, although no medical attention was required. She was visited by Margaret Singer, who stayed five hours, telling her about Patty Hearst and suggesting that she should cooperate. Jan complained to Singer that the deprogrammers had disassembled the receiver on her phone to prevent her from talking to her attorney. Singer said she didn't blame them.

The deprogrammers worked hard on John Hovard as Kaplan started to crack. Risking a contempt citation for contravening the Court of Appeals' order, they tried to push Hovard over the line so that he, like the others, would sign an affidavit saying that he did not want to be represented by Moonie counsel and thus render the appeal hearing moot.

Hovard later claimed that the Alexanders had kept him in virtual solitary confinement, forcing him to listen to tapes of successful deprogrammings for up to ten hours a day. Nonetheless, he smuggled out a tape of his own through attorney Ralph Baker. It was played one night at the Moonie residences: "Hello Family! Really good to talk to you. This is your brother, your brother forever. So great to be in the front lines! I know God is with me and I know we can have a great victory. Don't worry. I'm strong and I'm faithful. Nothing can enter my heart except for love for you and, most of all, love for God. Together we'll overcome this horrible thing that's taking place in our country. I'm faithful for the outcome! *Mansei*!"

On April 11, two-and-a-half weeks after Vavuris' decision, everyone reassembled at the State Court of Appeals. Neil Salonen, former Dale Carnegie lecturer who had risen to the presidency of the Unification Church of America, had flown to San Francisco to direct the appeal. He had tried to get Watergate lawyer Richard Benveniste to come out for the hearing; but Benveniste, who had worked for the Moonie cause before, was too busy this time, and recommended local attorney Stanley Friedman in his stead. After filing over 12 pounds of pleadings, Friedman brought in leading San Francisco attorney Jerome Falk to present the arguments.

In an elegant speech, Falk posed the Constitutional issues: Could religion and personal associations be subjected to this sort of administrative coercion?

On-ni Durst had a reputation for being "result-oriented." The results included a $21,000 Mercedes she delivered to Moon himself

Could court procedures be used to force an individual to change his beliefs? Appearing for Trauscht and Howard, Carl Shapiro tried to revive the mind-control argument, but was interrupted and questioned impatiently by the three-judge panel. He then made the appeal to family unity that had worked so well with Vavuris. "Let's not get sentimental," one of the judges snapped. "What we're talking about here is whether or not one set of adults can tell another set of adults what they're allowed to think."

After the hour-long hearing, the judges made it clear where they stood. They put an immediate stay order on the conservatorships and took the case under submission, leaving no doubt that their final decision would stamp the use of conservatorship laws in such religious cases as unconstitutional. After adjournment, John Hovard's parents left the courtroom red-faced and angry. A Moonie girl rushed up and tried to hug Janice Kaplan, who was said still to be wavering, but Mrs. Kaplan hit her solidly in the chest, yelling, "You get away, just stay away!" There was no mistaking the message in her voice: she's mine again.

After the appeal was heard, the last of five sets of parents went home. Joe Alexander Jr. and his friends went back to their body shop in Akron. The Faithless Four flew down to Tucson.

Many of their old friends were there, former Moonies who now worked for Mike Trauscht. Their rationale for being involved in deprogramming was that, as Moonies, they had recruited many members into the cult, and now felt an obligation to help extricate them. In moments of candor, they acknowledged that some might see an irony in their continuing symbiosis with Moon: fighting the Unification Church as intensely as they had previously fought Satan—and using the same methods they now accused the Moonies of using. The difference, they said, was that this time they had morality on their side.

Trauscht and Howard were concerned about the future of their operation. California was soon to be off-limits to them, and Moonie lawyers were said to be studying the best ways to get the deprogramming issue into federal court and thus establish a national precedent.

But for now, the Freedom of Thought Foundation could savor at least a four-fifths victory. The four young women had been saved and were enjoying themselves at Freedom Ranch, the five-bedroom home of the senior Alexanders that doubles as Foundation headquarters. There was a swimming pool in the backyard, air hockey and Ping-Pong in the basement. Joe Alexander Sr. was warm, grandfatherly, always reassuring, always there. At night, Barbara, Leslie, Jan and Jackie helped Esther Alexander cook and do the dishes, often staying up late in earnest discussions, much like the freewheeling bull sessions they had once had in college. They talked endlessly of what they would do with their lives. It was like being home again.

The Alexanders encouraged them to take things easy. They went to Wayne Howard's house and played volleyball. They took a trip to the rim of the Grand Canyon. Margaret Singer arrived from Berkeley, talked with them for an afternoon, and indicated that they were making good progress, considering the coercion that had been inflicted upon them. One day, Barbara Underwood flew back to New York. The next morning, the other three got up early to see her debate Johnny Hovard on *Good Morning, America*. Just watching him, they had to wonder: had they really been like *that*?●

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Can the ex-prime minister of South Vietnam find happiness running a liquor store in the surfing capital of America?

By Robert Ward

Marshal Ky amongst the roses

The Butcher! The Killer! The Playboy Assassin! Leaping from the cockpit of his fighter jet in a heroic black jump suit, his lithe body strung like a bow, his lavendar silk scarf trailing war mythology like a Sam Peckinpah dream . . . the day he nearly got it leading the bombing raid but the guy next to him took the bullet, spilling his guts like Beefaroni . . . the time he buried his comrades with his own hands and then, drunk on good French wine, sat all night in a Saigon disco staring at the wall with beautiful Miss Mai on his arm . . . Lord, the tales the man has lived, and oh the troubles he has seen. The Viet Cong, who had this thing about firebombing his house (they tried seven times and made it twice, but he was out rocking and rolling); the Buddhists, who pretended to be a bunch of bald sweeties, interested only in the White Light (never political, those Buddhists), but who wanted to take away his power as surely as Ellsworth Bunker or President Thieu did; the American press and students, those misled Com symps, who pictured him as the Butcher, the Killer, the Man Who Invented the Tiger Cages, the Adolph Hitler groupie in the first place. . .

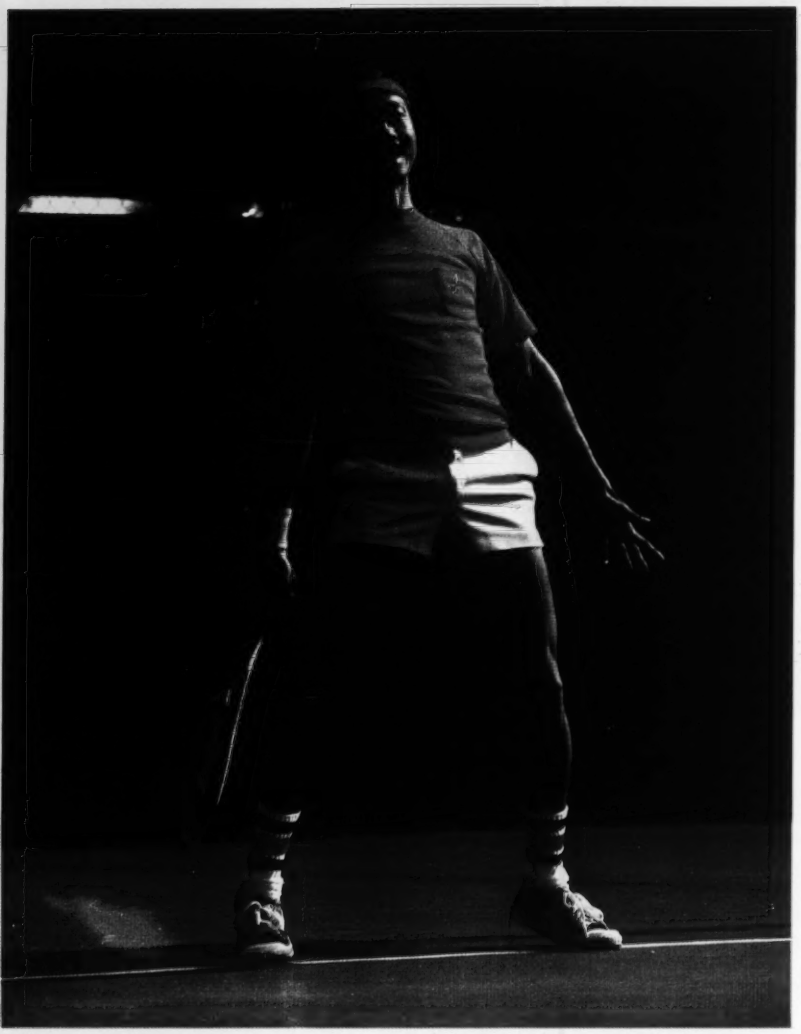
Nguyen (pronounced 'win') Cao (pronounced 'cow') Ky is the former Air Marshal, former Vice President, former strongman of Vietnam, hated equally by liberals, radicals, right-wingers and good folks everywhere. He was Prime Minister of Vietnam at 35, a job which lasted for two of the bloodiest years of the war, 1965–1967, back when we still thought we could win, but he was ousted by Nguyen Van Thieu; Ky then served the last seven years of the war as VP . . . and when he finally did leave (on the next to last day of fighting, April 29, 1975, he was purported to have made off with a huge amount of cash. According to the popular tales, Ky has a) salted away his bucks in Swiss/Caribbean banks; b) laundered them; c) invested, through his wife, Miss Mai, in Hawaiian land deals. But the fact of the matter is that Marshal Ky has settled, amidst a huge colony of poorer Vietnamese ex-patriots, in Huntington Beach, California, the surfing capital of America, just south of Los Angeles, and is about to open a liquor store. Reluctantly, he is trying to adjust . . .

Creeping Gilliganism

Marshal Ky cruises the living room of his new $107,000 stone home. His living room is tastefully furnished. A glass-top coffee table with chrome legs, a classy-looking abstract painting, a huge white sofa. Chic, monochromatic, in the manner of the waiting room at the William Morris Agency. The only contrast is Marshal Ky himself. It's been ten years since his jump suit days, but he still cuts a dashing figure. He has on a black leather jacket, a blue turtleneck, handsome cotton and silk pants tapering down nicely to $150 Spanish boots . . . But Ky looks troubled. His movements have a predatory quality. Strange depressions come to him. Sometimes he will walk back and forth across his rug 30 or 40 times . . . walk down past the kitchen and the TV room where his daughters or son are watching *The Munsters* or *Gilligan's Island* . . . and he will open the sliding door, and go out back and stare at his roses . . . the sight of them makes him feel an insufferable joy. For though he has grown them himself, in the warm California sun, the truth is he cannot look at them without thinking of the flowers of Vietnam . . . and then he knows such longing, such loss, that he must go back inside and call Tony Lam, his PR man, or Big Jack Hanshaw, the liquor king of Huntington Beach and his financial adviser and best American buddy, and ask them if they still plan on playing tennis that afternoon . . . though he already knows they do.

Today, his depression has been particularly rough. He is not only nostalgic, but worried about the future. Miss Mai is over at Hanshaw's Liquors working eight hours with Big Jack so she will know the business when they start run-

PHOTOGRAPH BY SANDY SOLMON



PHOTOGRAPH BY SANDY SOLMON

Aced out: Nguyen Cao Ky misses a return on the tennis court of his friend, Jack Hanshaw. Ky learned the game from Ellsworth Bunker

ning their own liquor store. Marshal Ky isn't sure Miss Mai can handle the chores and still be a mother to his children. He wonders if they shouldn't have taken the car wash business after all. At least the hours are regular. Deep gloom: "How can I end up in Orange County, selling liquor to Americans?"

Two years ago Marshal Ky lived in the Vice Presidential Palace in Vietnam. He had ten servants, four drivers, five official cars, a private tailor for himself and Miss Mai, a private chef . . . the list goes on. Now he is about to run a liquor store. But he is not without a sense of humor. What would make the bastards laugh? Air Marshal Ky's Cut Rate Liquors? Plastique Liquors? Oh, the haplessness of it. Still it's better than hustling burgers.

Jive Talk

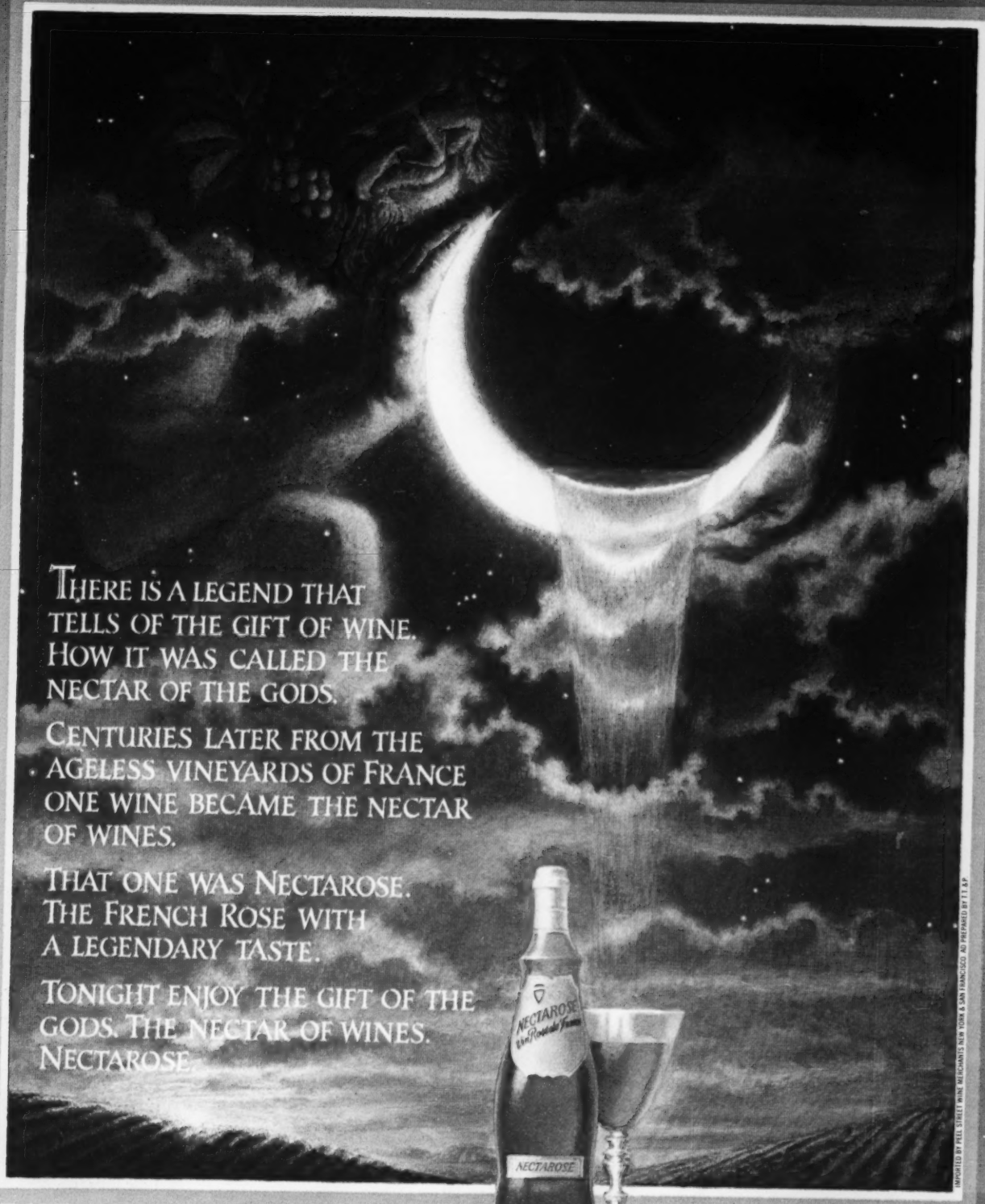
Talk about your mid-life crisis. Marshal Ky is a 46-year-old deposed dictator with a Negro growing in his living room. Each night now, Ky watches his son Dat, 21, change from a nice, polite, traditionally minded ruling-class Vietnamese lad into a crazy-quilt kid—neither Vietnamese nor American. Ky is not rigid. He expected his children to become somewhat Americanized. He even told Tony Lam: "We must blend in here, or we will be crushed." To that end, he changed his daughters' names. Van, 11, is now "Jennifer"; Tuan, 14, is now "Jackie." But this other stuff! Marshal Ky didn't know how frightening the process would be. He didn't know Dat was going to be talking trash like some badassed muther from down de block. Ky didn't think the day would come when he would say: "Dat, my son, what are you doing tonight?" and Dat would answer: "Hey, I'm going up de club wif my man Jack, you dig, Marshal Ky, baby?" My God! All of Ky's liberal social attitudes, the ones he's tried so hard to cultivate, get swept aside when he hears such talk. And it's *how* Dat is picking up this stuff. It's not as if the boy knows any blacks. Huntington Beach isn't exactly integrated. Dat is talking black because he watches *Good Times* on TV, and has subconsciously picked up Jimmie Walker's jive . . . Marshal Ky's big fear, the one he doesn't even like to think about, is that TV is wiping out hundreds of years of tradition easier and more absolutely than a million Viet Cong ever could. And not only is Dat talking like J.J. Walker, but his way of carrying himself, his slinky bopping and prancing through the house suggests . . . the Unthinkable . . . the kid isn't even turning into a *real* black man, but into a television ghost of a ghost . . . and that way lies true madness . . .

The Battle of the CB

Marshal Ky is in the car with his family. They are driving into the Huntington Beach hinterlands, like any red-blooded American family. They are going to the Sizzler Steak House for dinner. Marshal Ky likes the Sizzler. You get a nice meal, and it's quick and efficient. Sitting on the benches with his family around him, Ky feels the blues shaking away. Except to get to the Sizzler you have to fight the Battle of the CB. Once on the Freeway, Dat likes to get on the citizens' band and make all kinds of bizarre noises. And the girls go crazy too. Seeing all his kids hanging on that damned toy, talking to the rednecks, really gets Ky:

"This here is Red Dragon old buddy . . . Yeah, Red Dragon on the horn. There's a beaver where? . . . Down at the corner of Golden State standing outside of Oscar Wilde's? Check, old buddy, Breaker Five."

When Marshal Ky hears this stuff he begins to feel a freezing sensation . . . the Red Dragon! That might have been the name of a fighter jet. Now it's the name of his family car. When your car becomes the Red Dragon, what can that mean? Dat defends the CB on the grounds that it puts him in touch with "what's happening" in town, what "excitements" are going down . . . Ky doesn't even know how to reply. The incredible *ease* with which Americans can be introduced to strangers, to aimless, promiscuous Fun, goes against everything Vietnamese. One huge gulp by the red, white and blue dragon of goofiness and Dat is gone. One day a Negro, next day a redneck. Ky's face grows as grim


THERE IS A LEGEND THAT
TELLS OF THE GIFT OF WINE.
HOW IT WAS CALLED THE
NECTAR OF THE GODS.
CENTURIES LATER FROM THE
AGELESS VINEYARDS OF FRANCE
ONE WINE BECAME THE NECTAR
OF WINES.
THAT ONE WAS NECTAROSE.
THE FRENCH ROSE WITH
A LEGENDARY TASTE.
TONIGHT ENJOY THE GIFT OF THE
GODS. THE NECTAR OF WINES.
NECTAROSE
NECTAROSE
NECTAROSE
IMPORTED BY PELL STREET WINE MERCHANTS NEW YORK & SAN FRANCISCO AD PREPARED BY T T & P

THE NECTAR OF WINES

NECTAROSE

as a bomber pilot's.

At the Sizzler, Marshal Ky tries to relax. He goes through the line, gets his steak, his baked potato, and sits down, preparing to Eat American. But just as he is about to pop that first juicy bite of steaming Sizzler into his mouth, he looks up and there is a little girl next to him. She is standing there looking as cute as an advertisement. She is smiling shyly. Marshal Ky puts down his fork. Behind the little girl are two middle-aged Californians wearing identical pale green leisure suits.

"Go ahead, Julie," the man says, his glasses reflecting blue Sizzler lights in weird angles, strange patterns.

"Gosh," says Julie. "My granddaddy says you are President Ky. I would like to have your autograph."

Marshal Ky smiles and looks around at Dat and Jennifer and Jackie. They are all beaming at him.

He signs a wet napkin and the little girl smiles and rushes back to her grandparents. They smile, wave and the man says:

"Welcome to California, President Ky."

"Why, thank you," says Marshal Ky, suddenly looking young and dashing.

The two people and their granddaughter leave. Ky feels a lump in his throat. He looks at his son, who is smiling and acting neither like a redneck nor a Negro.

Ky takes a mouthful of Sizzler. It is moments like these that rekindle his belief in America.

How are the Fish on Route 66?

Tony Lam has come to visit Marshal Ky. Lam is a short, bouncy man who has worked for many Vietnamese-American groups. He has worked for AID, for Rand, and has helped relocate thousands of Vietnamese on Formosa. Lam is always ready with a joke, and when he laughs he squeals like a child. He is a successful insurance man and Ky's main liaison with the 11,000 Vietnamese who live around Huntington Beach.

Today Ky is especially glad to see Lam. The morning was bad. Miss Mai was out working with Hanshaw, "learning" the cash register. Ky had no luncheon engagements, so he thought he'd work on the lawn. Except the lawn was dead. The entire thing looked like Khe Sanh after the Tet offensive. Months of careful seeding and fertilizing had yielded overcooked bacon. The stubble Ky assumed was "natural," which the guy in the store *swore* was only a phase, was

UPI

PHOTOGRAPH BY TONY KORODY/SYGMA

PHOTOGRAPH BY SANDY SOLMON

Jump into hell: In 1966 (top), Ky and Miss Mai, in matching jump suits, visit the front. Nine years later (middle), Ky at Camp Pendleton, among the refugees. Bottom, the good life in California

clearly permanent. The "fertilizer," Ky realized, was some kind of poison. Or else he'd used too much. Or else . . . anyway, the grass was lost. Ky had gotten very upset. He'd even begun to see the lawn "symbolically." Then Tony Lam showed up:

"You think you have problems, Marshal Ky? Listen to this . . . There were a couple of Vietnamese fishermen—this happened just last week—who had eaten dinner and decided to go for a walk, as they used to do in Vietnam. Well, they walked and they walked and pretty soon they came to a huge path, a huge white stone path. They had never seen anything like it before . . . So they decided to walk *up* the huge white path, and pretty soon it seemed to flow into an even wider path, which had these strange white walls in the middle of it."

"Oh no," says Marshal Ky, slapping his leg.

"Yesssss," says Tony Lam, starting to squeal a bit. "Yes Yesss. They were on the freeway . . . the San Diego Freeway, and they ended up screaming, stuck on the traffic island out there with huge trucks and cars zooming by at a 100 miles an hour. Have you ever heard of anything like that? God it was awful . . . The po-leese had to come to get them off . . . Ohhhh . . ."

Lam is squealing hysterically. Marshal Ky knows Tony is not laughing because he thinks what happened to the two fishermen is funny. Tony is laughing because he is afraid. He is afraid for his friends and for his family, and even for Marshal Ky. Tony Lam is a good friend, and makes Marshal Ky feel better. But there is a sadness to him. His stories are always entertaining, but after he leaves Ky often finds himself depressed.

"Can you play tennis today?" Marshal Ky asks.

"I will try," says Tony Lam. "But you will butcher me as usual."

Ky tries to smile.

God and Ky at Yale

When his Buddhist fatalism fails him, Ky thinks of his Yale lecture. Here was a moment as good as the best moments of his life as flyer or Air Marshal or Vice-President of South Vietnam. Last year Ky went to Yale University, promoting his book, *Twenty Years and Twenty Days* (Stein & Day, 1976), knowing full well he'd be meeting a liberal audience with no love for him. Before he could begin a bunch of kids held up signs that said: "Send Ky To North Vietnam," "Yale Doesn't Need a Murderer," etc., etc. But during his talk he managed to retain his cool and his dignity. Ky explained to the students that he was not a butcher at all, that during his regime he had let most unduly charged political prisoners out of jail. He had attempted to get rid of corruption. Indeed, even liberal journalists like Ward Just and Frances Fitzgerald had publicly acknowledged his honesty—it was legendary. He had a military man's pride in a clean-running machine, he said, even if the machine was a government. He went on at great length, then stopped and asked for questions.

Question: "Sir, you misled the Americans. Weren't you responsible for the United States staying on after the war was lost?"

Ky: "Do you really think I could have misled all the American generals? I told Johnson at the beginning: 'This is Asia. Asians fight forever. We believe in destiny . . . we accept life fatalistically. We will fight for 20 years if necessary. If you come at all, you must prepare yourself for that kind of battle.'

Two years ago Marshal Ky lived in the VP palace in Saigon; he had ten servants, four drivers, five official cars and a private tailor. Now he runs a liquor store in the surfing capital of America

Johnson, of course, didn't listen. You are an impatient people. You think you can simply overwhelm a country with money and men."

Question, from a long-haired student who strikes a defiant pose: "What about corruption? The Communists weren't corrupt like you were."

Ky: "We were in total chaos. There had been ten coups since 1963 when Diem fell. I took *over* amidst much corruption, I only had two years in power and during that time I made many mistakes. I was never primarily a politician. My programs, the Strategic Hamlet Program and the Land Reform Program, were revolutionary, but were opposed by both the Americans and the corrupt government bureaucracy, so they failed . . . As for the Communists, your left-wing press and your movie stars romanticized them. People like Jane Fonda knew about the corruption on our side, which I do not deny, and they assumed it simply had to be better on the other side. In a way I don't blame them. It's a human mistake. But let me tell you a story:

"Rice prices were spiraling out of control. Rice, as you know, is essential to everything in Vietnam . . . without it, there would be starvation, total economic collapse . . . Well, I investigated and found that eight men really controlled the rice market. One especially, a Chinese, ran things. So I had him arrested and tried and he was found guilty, which he was, and he was sentenced to die. That was the law I instituted. If you were guilty of treasonous crimes, you were shot. Well, his parents came to me, Chinese ambassadors came to me, and they offered me many million millions to save him. But he was shot as scheduled. Still, rice prices did not fall. They were dumping rice into the rivers to keep prices high. So I called the other seven men into my office. I remember the day so well. I stood behind my desk and I told them, 'Price of rice must come down. I know what you are doing. You are bad citizens. You have seen one of your members shot, and still you persist. So now we will play a game.' Then I took off my hat . . . my *military* hat . . . and I tore up strips of paper, and I said, 'Now each of you will write your name on this piece of paper and you will put it in the hat, and next week we will have a meeting, and at that time I will draw the first name out of the hat, and whoever is chosen, I will shoot personally, right here! This will happen, I assure you, unless price of rice goes down *below* the minimum I have set . . . It is up to you.'"

The student body had grown quiet. Ky was smiling and shaking his head.

"Within 24 hours," Ky said, timing it, "price of rice dropped dramatically."

When the laugh came, Ky rode it out. Then he continued: "Your movie stars and press knew little of Vietnam. And they knew nothing of Communism. They didn't know how the Communists enlist children to spy on their parents. I come from the North, and I have seen it with my own eyes. I have seen a child turn in his father for the "crime" of being a landlord. The man was shot the next day. I have seen thousands of people put into 'reeducation' camps. These camps are concentration camps. What do you know of such things? Would any of you here at Yale like to live under such a system?

"You must understand my position. I had to fight the Americans as well as the Vietnamese who wanted to kill me . . . I am speaking of ambitious people in my own government. Not to

mention VC. All this, and I was only 35 years old, inexperienced as a politician. Perhaps some of you are over 30. Could you rule a country?"

In the end Ky got a standing ovation. When the student body president drove him to the airport he said, "We thought you were so evil, but we are just beginning to understand how complex the situation was."

Later, Ky received a lifetime membership in the Yale Student Union.

War in the Blackboard Jungle

Talking to Americans is a little bit like war, and war, as Marshal Ky frequently points out, is all he's known since he was nine years old. It's built into his nervous system. But war gets tiring.

This afternoon, Marshal Ky is going to the Circle View School for a parent-teacher conference. He will discuss how Jennifer, who is in the 5th grade, and Jackie, who is in the 9th, are adjusting.

Despite her age, Jennifer's personality is more highly developed, and Marshal Ky assumes she is doing very well. Still, her outgoing, friendly demeanor worries Ky a bit. He wonders if she is perhaps not too forward. He recalls his own school days in Vietnam at the Lycee. One did not fraternize, one did not presume with one's teachers, as he sees Jennifer doing.

The three teachers who meet with Ky are in their early twenties. There is Mr. Painter, who teaches science, Mrs. Mosher who teaches Jackie, and Mr. Oberle, who teaches Jennifer history. Mr. Painter looks like someone who stepped out of an orange juice commercial. His hair is golden and combed surfer style over his forehead. His skin is ruddy and smooth. He smiles a lot when he talks: "You don't have to worry about Jennifer, Mister Ky. She's good people. Yessir."

Ky reacts to this by nodding his head slowly. He does not smile at all, so Mr. Painter smiles a little for him.

Mr. Oberle, a big, healthy-looking man, says: "I'm very impressed with the way the girls handle themselves. Really. They don't rip books or write on desks. They have such a manner with them. All the Vietnamese children who come to our school do. It must be the Vietnamese education system."

Marshal Ky nods his head again and stares at the three teachers as if he has seen a pale horse.

"No," he says. "Is not the schools. It is tradition. And culture. I am very concerned with the way my Jennifer acts."

"Well I wouldn't worry about Jennifer," beams Mr. Oberle reassuringly. "But *Jackie* is a little shy. When she wants to know something she should just see me. Rather than go through Mrs. Mosher."

Marshal Ky nods his head very slowly.

"No, that has to do with culture. In ancient times we had girls taught only by women. So we kept girls and boys apart. This tradition has been handed down . . . thus women are shy. Jennifer is the one who worries me."

Mr. Oberle laughs and shakes his head: "Really, *I* don't think she's got a problem."

Then Oberle stops. Ky looks pained. "Well," he says, trying to lighten the mood, "I'm glad it's not *me* that's making Jackie shy."

Everyone laughs politely. Even Ky. Then he clears his throat. "There *is* one problem," he says. "Next year Jackie is leaving your school to go to junior high. We wonder if Jennifer could skip a grade and go with her."

Ky's son Dat defends the CB in the family car on the grounds that it puts him in touch with "what's happening," what "excitements" are going down. One huge gulp by the red, white and blue dragon of goofiness and Dat is gone . . .

The teachers speak up, hesitatingly, but in accord. Bad idea. The junior high is too big. The kids are older, more socially sophisticated. That would mean adjustment problems for Jenny.

"I was just thinking," says Ky, "that, as it is now, the girls can come to school together . . . they are safe. But if Jennifer is alone . . . well, it's just that we have heard so much about kidnapping."

Mr. Painter has stopped smiling. Mr. Oberle is nodding seriously, and Mrs. Mosher is talking: "We said right in the beginning of the year, Mr. Ky, that we must always keep an eye on your children. They should never be left alone on the playground. They should never be allowed to run off on their own at lunch hour. We can promise you they will always be watched every minute they are here. But, of course, there is still the problem of them coming here."

The two male teachers agree. One would not like to see the children of Marshal Ky kidnapped by a madman. Perhaps Ky will come in again next week and see the principal? Ky nods, shakes hands.

"It is very frightening," Ky says, driving home. "I have no money. I took nothing . . . But people all assume I have many million millions. If one of the people who think I have such money were to find out about my children . . . there are so many *nuts* in California!"

'Sometimes I Feel Like the Lonely Ranger'

The next afternoon I arrive early at Marshal Ky's house to talk with Miss Mai. She is just back from a morning at Hanshaw's. It's hard not to remember her as the Asian beauty with the model's body who appeared regularly in *Paris Match*, who learned to cook at the Cordon Bleu, who roared through Saigon in sleek black limos. Now she dresses in a yellow pantsuit.

"We are poor," she says, "but please don't write it. We never knew what poverty meant before we came here."

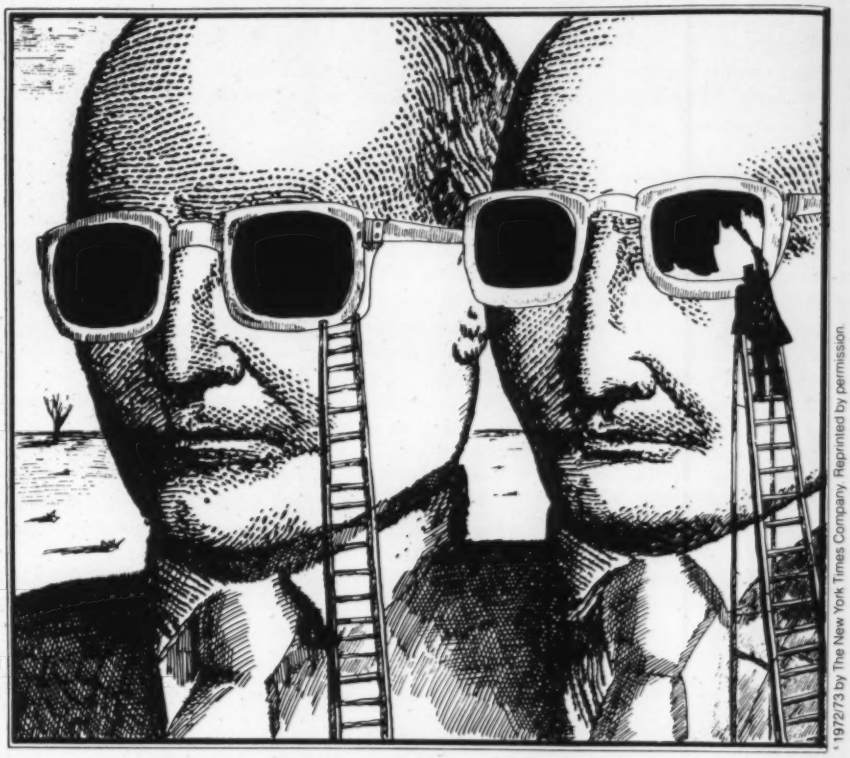
"You live in a $100,000 house," I say. "That is not exactly poor."

"No. Not by poor people's standards. But compared to what we had in Vietnam, the huge house, the drivers, the cars . . . we are very poor indeed. There are seven of us in this house, including my mother and my aunt. It is crowded. Everyone thinks we have so much money, and in truth I wish we did. I wish Ky had stolen money so we could live like our rich friends. I used to believe it was wrong, but in America no one cares how you get your money, only that you have it. I am constantly embarrassed socially by our lack of money."

Miss Mai joins her mother and her aunt (who speak no English) in the kitchen and begins dinner. She says she enjoys cooking, but that she is very tired from the liquor store.

"Nothing is as easy or as much fun as it was," she says. "Today, for example, I would like to fix you a really good Vietnamese lunch, but I must prepare *Chao Tom* for the tennis party at the Hanshaws tonight. So we are just having some raw fish. You will probably not like it. Americans always like things with rich sauces.

"I cook *Chao Tom* for the Hanshaws for a change. I mean I like steak and baked potato as much as anyone



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"How a lot of politicians deal with human need."

"Too many public officials are trying to cure budget problems in state and local government by cutting human services. And by closing their eyes to a lot of human problems.

Like the 70-year-old widow who has nowhere to live when the state shuts down the nursing home. Or the working mother who's forced onto welfare when the daycare center closes.

Or even the retarded kids who sit in locked rooms because there's no one to care for them.

If you haven't heard about these conditions, you're not uninformed. With all the self-congratulatory praise most politicians use about 'fiscal integrity' and 'tough fiscal management', not many people see the pain and sorrow of human services cutbacks. Not even news people.

But human suffering won't go away by ignoring it. Or by blaming the people who work in nursing homes, daycare centers, or mental hospitals.

Our union represents these workers, so we know what the politicians are ignoring. Our goal is to open your eyes."

"The business of government is people."

—**Jerry Wurf,** President

AFSCME
in the public service

American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees
1625 L Street, NW, Washington, D.C. 20036

else. I really do. But after you've had it night after night . . . at every house you go to . . . well, you long for something with a little different taste."

Miss Mai smiles sweetly, but her voice is brittle. Efficiently, she strips away the outside of a sugarcane stalk, cuts it up, dips it in a light sauce made from various oils and spices. Next she wraps a jumbo shrimp around the stalk and fries two at a time in a small pan.

"This is a delicacy," she says. "I want you to try it. I only wish I could fix another for your lunch.

"It will be better after we get the store started, and hire some people . . . I love family life. That is what I'm used to. Of course I miss Vietnam terribly, and worry about my friends there . . . I send money to one friend every month . . . whatever I can afford."

She reaches into her purse, as if she has to prove this to me, and pulls out a check made out to a Vietnamese woman. The check is for $50.

"Don't print her name, please," Miss Mai says. "She would get in trouble with the Communists . . . They are terrible."

"Are you glad to be here?"

"Slowly I am getting used to it," Miss Mai says. "Now that Ky is better."

"Better?"

"Last year, he was very very depressed. He would sit up late at night all alone, and grow quite sad. It was awful . . . He worried constantly about money, also. But now things are a little better. Oh, the shrimps are done."

A little later Ky and I are having lunch. We are eating raw fish and noodles. "What she told you is true," swears Ky. "We have little money. I know no one will believe me. You probably doubt me."

"I must confess I do."

"I don't blame you," Ky says. "Everyone thinks I steal. They say power corrupts and absolute power corrupts absolutely. But on the contrary, it did not corrupt me. You see, I had absolute power, and I could have made many million millions. But I am honest, which is why I was never a good politician. I should have been more like your American politicans. Like Nixon, or the others."

"What of Carter?" I say.

"He is just the same as the others. Jimmy Carter the president is very different from Jimmy Carter the candidate. He said he was going to change the government, but look at the men he chose. Many of them are very familiar names to me . . . I remember them too well from Kennedy's administration."

Ky smiles and shakes his head: "If you must know, I view my life as a tragedy. The Americans called me a butcher, said I didn't care about 'democratic ideals.' But there was no time for democratic change then. We were in war, in crisis, and strong decisions had to be made . . . "

I ask about Ky's famous Hitler quote—"Did you say 'What Vietnam needs are two Hitlers, not one.'?"

Ky laughs, but the sound is brittle, like Miss Mai's.

"Do you know how that quote came about? We were sitting around the barracks one day. A group of fliers and myself. There was one reporter there. We were talking about how the nation desperately needed a strong leader. We were all noting that whenever countries got into trouble, a good strong leader made them tougher. We all mentioned names. Hitler was one, true. But so was Franklin Roosevelt and Winston Churchill and John Kennedy. We weren't talking about whether the man was good or bad, merely if he was forceful, not afraid to make decisions. Because up to that time in Vietnam we had had nothing but weak leaders who couldn't withstand the coups. Anyway, what happened was the reporter quoted me as saying, 'What we need is Adolph Hitler' . . . They tried to make me seem like a devil. I think it was because I was never pro-American . . . and because of my style."

"People assume I have many million millions," Ky says. "If one such person found out about my children. . . . There are so many *nuts* in California . . . "

"Perhaps that's true," I say. "I remember the pictures of you in your jump suit and your lavendar scarf. People got the impression you didn't really care about anything but yourself."

Ky looks incredulous. He waves his hands as he speaks: "But all the officers wore jump suits. As for the scarf, I *liked* it . . . and I like pretty women. What man doesn't? The question should be why did they pick on *me* for these things? In America good clothes and the company of beautiful women are considered marks of distinction . . ."

"You're saying the rap against you was because you were Vietnamese?"

Ky nods enthusiastically: "That is exactly right . . . as were the attacks on me for being a 'butcher.' I did what had to be done in war. I do not believe laws are made for criminals. I believe laws are made for good citizens. I do not believe in coddling criminals."

"Actually, a lot of people I know in New York, who claim to be liberals, privately would like to see muggers drawn and quartered."

"And they are exactly right," Marshal Ky says. He eats his soup and nods his head. "You know, I look at Westerns on TV, and I feel like the hero . . . I feel like the Lonely Ranger . . . I feel very much like the Lonely Ranger."

He stops, grows silent, and his mouth curls up in an odd way.

Later we drive to the home of a Mr. Von Thon in Villa Park, where Ky is to meet with 20 Vietnamese ex-soldiers, currently eking out livings as fishermen. Father Ha, a radical priest and leftist journalist, is scheduled to show up too, to "debate" Ky on how the large community of Vietnamese ex-patriots can best adjust to Americanization. On the way, Ky explains that he is not against the meeting, but is afraid for the Vietnamese: "Our position here is fragile," Ky says. "We cannot afford to offend people. It would take only a couple left-wingers or hippies to come and start a fight, and what would the papers say: 'Vietnamese start trouble,' and other bad things. Father Ha is just a crazy priest. I have always had trouble with priests."

The 20 ex-soldiers are waiting, standing in a semi-circle, drinking cheap red wine. Several still have their army jackets. All are smiling broadly. Meeting Ky in this way is a rare pleasure, equivalent to Jimmy Carter just dropping in before dinner. Ky shakes each man's hand and begins talking rapidly. The men talk of war, telling Ky he is a hero, how people thought he would "save the country." One man says: "Even now people say that you will come back to South Vietnam and save us all."

Ky responds emotionally: "There is nothing I wanted more," he says. "You do not know. I could do nothing, though. Mr. Thieu took my power. He had my hands tied. I stayed until April 29, the next to last day of the war. I offered to lead a bombing mission even then. But Thieu would do nothing. He is brilliant, but only thinks of himself."

The fishermen nod their heads. Another man speaks, a Mr. Tinh: "I do not wish to brown-nose you sir," he

The new $2984* Colt. Isn't a Datsun. Isn't a Toyota. It's a lot of little Dodge.

The new Dodge Colt is such a lot of car, it's got Mr. D. and Mr. T. confused. Because Colt offers you the value you'd expect from this import, plus Dodge Colt sales and service coast to coast.

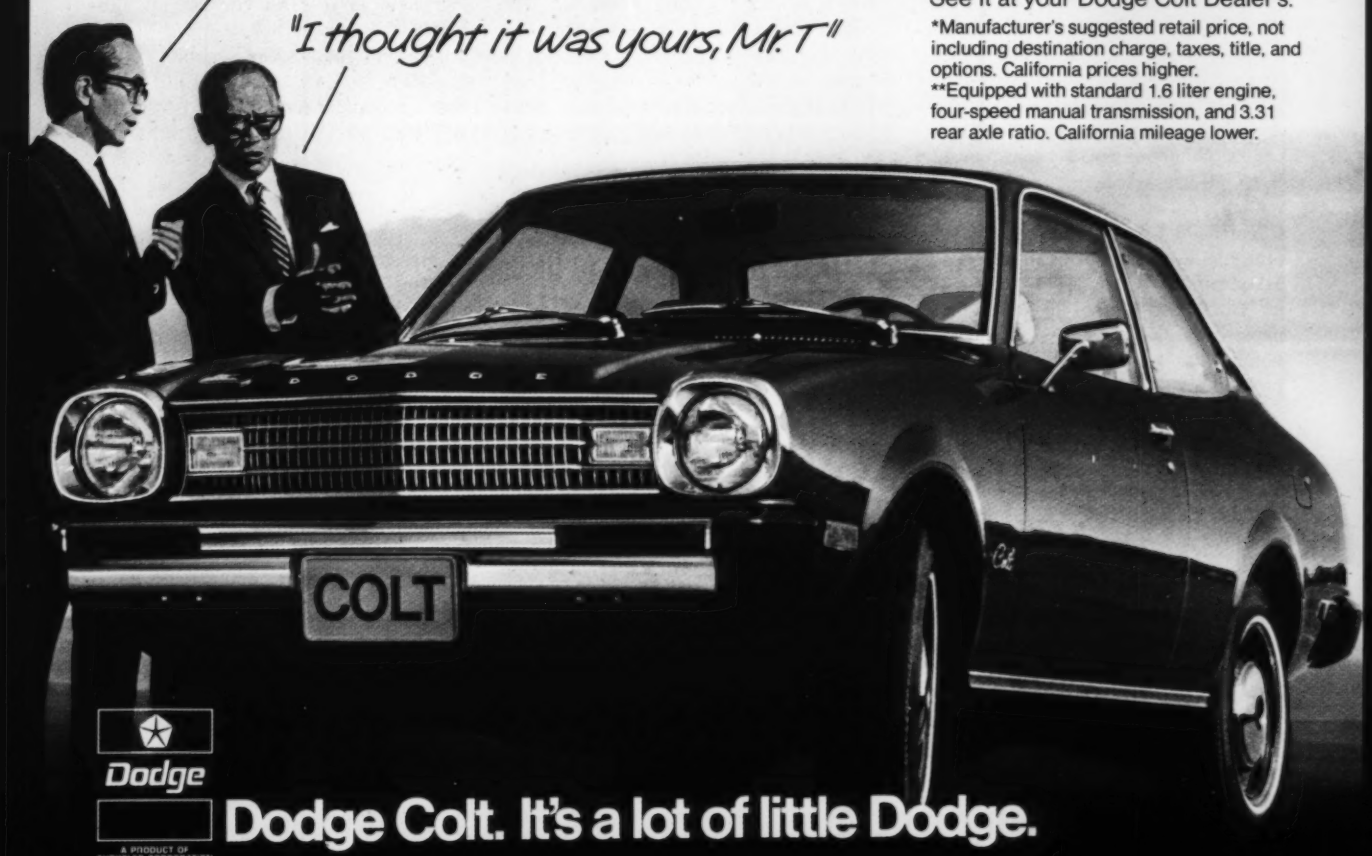
47 MPG highway, 30 MPG city. Colt will give you great mileage, according to EPA estimates.** Your mileage may vary, according to your car's condition, equipment, and your driving habits. And Dodge Colt runs on either regular or unleaded gas.

Looking for a long list of standard features? Well, you get it on all of our '77 Colt models. Even our lowest priced two-door coupe gives you whitewall tires, two reclining bucket seats, tinted glass in all windows, carpeting, adjustable steering column, simulated wood-grained instrument panel, four-speed manual transmission, quiet sound insulation, trip odometer, locking gas cap, and electric rear window defroster.

And we offer you an optional automatic transmission to go with the standard 1.6 liter engine.

So if you're thinking "import," think about Dodge Colt. It's not a Datsun. Not a Toyota. For $2984, it's a lot of little Dodge. See it at your Dodge Colt Dealer's.

*Manufacturer's suggested retail price, not including destination charge, taxes, title, and options. California prices higher.
**Equipped with standard 1.6 liter engine, four-speed manual transmission, and 3.31 rear axle ratio. California mileage lower.



Dodge

A PRODUCT OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION

Dodge Colt. It's a lot of little Dodge.

PHOTOGRAPH BY SANDY SOLMON

Marshal Ky amongst the Four Roses: Americanization comes hard, but Ky expects to net $60,000 next year, from the liquor business.

says, "but I must tell you, you are a brave man. I respect you. I do not respect many of the other leaders . . . Now I hear that the Communists are eliminating people who originally came from the North and fought against them in the war. All are being sent to camps. It is very bad."

"That is why we must speak out," says another man.

Ky stares at a poster on the wall: HUMAN RIGHTS FOR POLITICAL PRISONERS IN VIETNAM. "That should read just 'Human Rights,'" he tells the fishermen. "Then it will fall under President Carter's human rights campaign." There is a pause, but no one asks Ky to elaborate.

"I am trying to do things even though you do not see me," he says. "Last night I had dinner with Mr. Antoni, the Supervisor of Orange County. I asked him to work out a plan to help Senior Citizens Training, to start a Vietnamese Service Center. I want to help you in any way possible. If you have problems, come to me and tell me."

The men look delighted. Ky goes on: "I understand you have had trouble here."

Several men tell a tale of community tensions. Over 150 Americans who live in the Villa Park area signed a petition saying that the Vietnamese were "filthy, living 15 in an apartment, unsanitary." The landlords of one apartment complex, where many poor Vietnamese live, publicly denied the allegations, however, saying, "We had more trouble with the whites who lived here before. The fact is, for a poor people, the Vietnamese are incredibly neat."

Marshal Ky nods. "I told Mr. Antoni we are a people willing to work and to learn. Many of you have never seen an inside toilet before you came here. We must be given a chance to learn."

The men nod and drink and tell more stories about Vietnam. Ky suddenly looks very tired. "Father Ha did not come," he says. There is some relief and some regret in his voice.

Marshal Ky sprawls on a huge couch at Jack Hanshaw's mansion. The couch makes him look very small. His thinning hair is matted, his mouth is curved down, and he is sweating. Tony Lam offers to get him some juice. Miss Mai, still in her tennis skirt, proffers a tray of shrimps. Next to her is Jack Hanshaw. Hanshaw is a well-conditioned 45, tall, tanned, with light blue eyes and a big toothy smile.

"All the officers wore jump suits. As for the scarf, I *liked* it. And I like pretty women . . . what man doesn't? Why pick on me for these things?"

"Boy you took some time," Hanshaw says. "We've been waiting for you for some time."

"Well," Ky says, sighing deeply, "they don't like to let you go. I expected to stay no longer than an hour. If they had their way I would have been there all night."

"Well," says Hanshaw, smiling at Miss Mai, "I'll tell you what. We all need to play some tennis and relax."

Ky nods and disappears into the bedroom. I go with Hanshaw and sit by a huge pond stocked with giant gold fish.

"Very nice place," I say.

Hanshaw is still smiling. He even manages to smile while he talks, like Ed McMahon.

"We've got quite a nice place here," he says. "Very few places like it in this area. Our pool is terrific. You saw our pool didn't you?"

"Sure," I say. "Nice pool."

"Well that's a 65-foot pool," Hanshaw says.

As he talks he watches Miss Mai and Tony Lam playing tennis.

"How are people responding to the Kys?" I ask.

"She came in at 6 a.m. today," Hanshaw says. "Worked all day. I'll tell you, business is up 20 percent in the two weeks Mai has been in my store. If they are accepted that well in all phases of their life, I'd say they are going to be a big success out here. Actually, I'm putting Ky in a good spot [Hanshaw is selling Ky one of his 56 liquor stores]. It should easily bring him $60,000 a year. That's good money. Mai says they want a string of liquor stores . . . get a house like mine."

"Very nice place you've got," I say.

"Seventy thousand square feet," Hanshaw says. "Did you see my rabbits?"

On cue, some rabbits come bounding out from beyond the palm trees, and right behind them is Marshal Ky. He is dressed in a spiffy red tennis suit.

"Yippee!" says Marshal Ky. "I'm ready now!"

He opens the gate to Hanshaw's tennis court, and begins hitting the ball to Tony Lam. His strokes are smooth, and he has a strong forehand.

"He learned to play with Ellsworth Bunker," Hanshaw says. "Quite a good player. Ky was kind enough to bring the champion of South Vietnam by last week . . . We played for hours . . . Ky beat her in two sets. He's really athletic. Would you like a drink?"

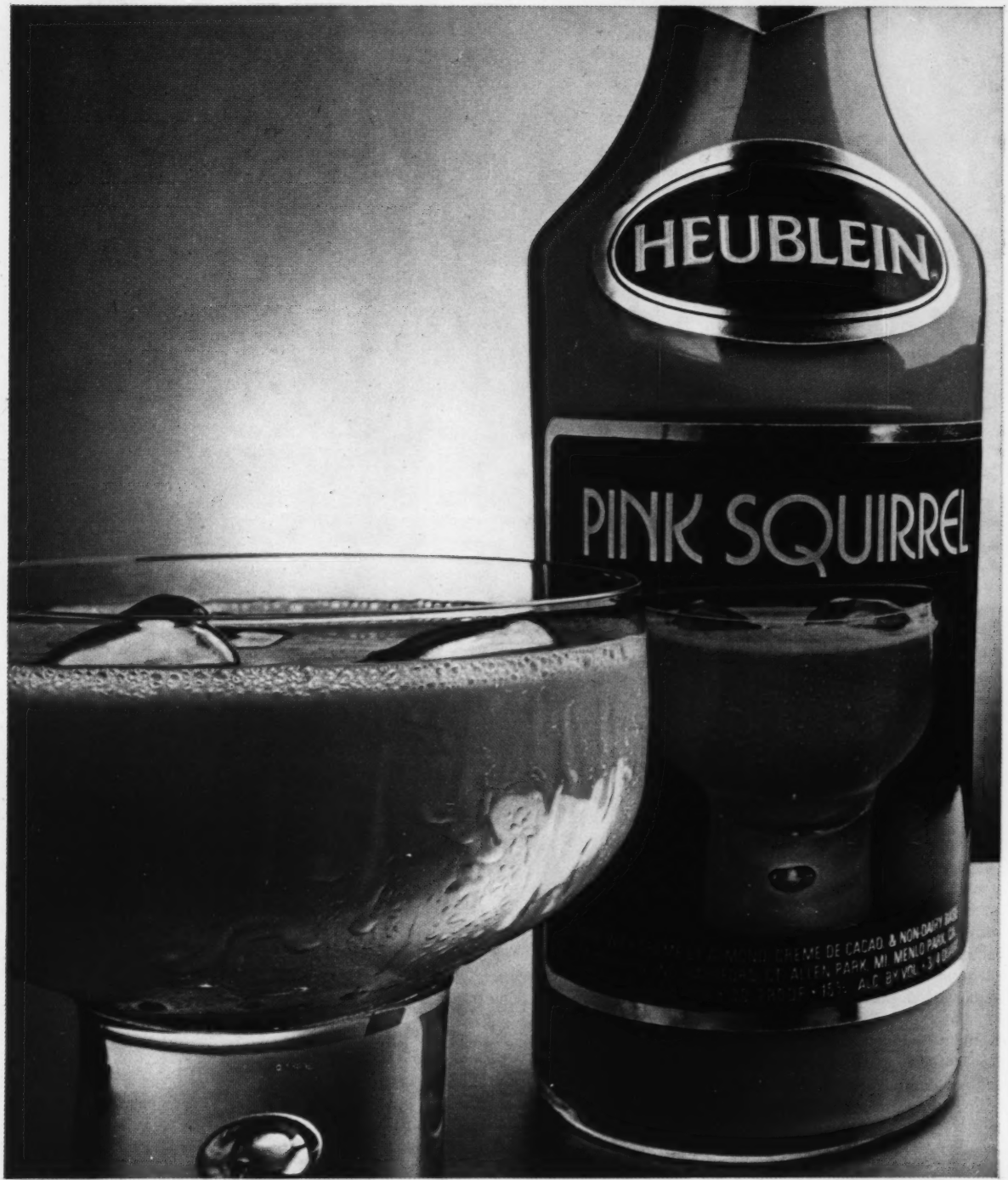
"No thanks," I say. "I guess I'll be going."

"Take a beer for the road," Hanshaw says. "Have a Coke or something. You ever see fish like these?"

Nguyen Cao Ky is really into his game now, smashing backhands at giggling, diving Tony Lam. He is sweating and grinning, truly at ease.

"I'll go get the Coke," Hanshaw says. "Take a look at those fish. You won't see fish like those everywhere." ●

INTRODUCING
THE TASTE PEOPLE GO ALMONDS FOR.



If almonds are your kind of nuts—you'll leap at our new Pink Squirrel. The Pink Squirrel is luscious Creme de Almond, laced with Creme de Cacao and other delicious ingredients. It's the most tempting, smoothest tasting drink ever. Pre-mixed and ready to pour. The Pink Squirrel: Why not start hoarding it now?

THE HEUBLEIN PINK SQUIRREL.

For delicious dessert recipes using Heublein's Pink Squirrel, write P.O. Box 11152, Dept. PS, Newington, Conn. 06111.
This offer expires December 31, 1977. Heublein Pink Squirrel 30 Proof. © 1977 Heublein, Inc. Hartford, Connecticut.

Plagued by embarrassing water spots, house-a-tosis and hard-to-remove stains, the mad housewife of Mad Ave. is definitely not new and anything but improved/**By Carol Caldwell**

You haven't come a long way, baby

It's the beginning of the age of television, and all around it's black and white. Millions of minuscule scan dots collide in electronic explosion to create Woman in her Immaculate Kitchen. She is Alpha, Omega, eternal and everlasting Mother Video, toasting and frying, cleansing and purifying, perfectly formed of fire and ice. Permanent-waved, magenta-lipped, demurely collared and cuffed, cone-shaped from her tightly cinched waist down through yards and yards of material that brush coquettishly mid-calf, she is Betty Furness for Westinghouse; and you can be *sure* if it's Westinghouse.

The year is 1951. On the set of CBS-TV's *Studio One*, Furness has just captured the part to become America's first full-time product spokeswoman on television. Advertising execs at Westinghouse are taking a stab at having someone other than the host sell their product; they reason (and quite correctly) that Furness, with her Brearly School cool and her Broadway glamour, is a figure thousands of women will admire and listen to. During the audition, Betty alters the script supplied by the casting director. Later, she tells *Time* magazine that she ad-libbed the refrigerator routine because "it was written like men think women talk!"

1952. While John Daly, Bill Henry and Walter Cronkite monitor Ike and Adlai at the conventions, Betty Furness opens and shuts 49 refrigerators, demonstrates the finer points of 42 television sets, 23 dishwashers and 12 ovens for a total of four-and-a-half hours of air time. General Eisenhower is on the air approximately an hour and 20 minutes; Mr. Stevenson, 50 minutes.

1956. Bright and blondeened, 28-year-old Julia Meade is the commercial spokeswoman for Lincoln on the *Ed Sullivan Show*, for Richard Hudnut hair products on *Your Hit Parade*, for *Life* magazine on John Daly's news show. She is pulling down $100,000 a year, which moves *Time* to comment, "Julia (34-20-34) is one of a dozen or so young women on TV who find self-effacement enormously profitable." Howard Wilson, a vice-president of Kenyon & Eckhardt, Lincoln's ad agency, hired Julia for the spots with trepidation: a woman just couldn't be convincing about such things as high torque, turbo drive and ball-joint suspensions. His fears, it turns out, were unfounded, and Meade becomes the perky prototype for a whole slew of carefully coiffed women selling cars—selling *anything*—by means other than their technical knowledge. And so Julia Meade begat Bess Myerson, who begat Anita Bryant, who begat Carmelita Pope, who begat Florence Henderson, each wholesome, flawless, clear of eye and enunciation, in short, 60-second reminders of everything the American woman ought to be.

Times change, however, and eventually infant TV's ideal, untouchable dozen spokeswomen were replaced by hundreds of nameless actresses who portray "the little woman" in scenarios believed, by the agencies who create them, to be honest-to-God, middle-American, slice-of-life situations. As early as 1955, this new wave of commercial realism got a pat on the back by the industry's weekly trade paper, *Advertising Age*. Procter & Gamble had just come out with a revolutionary new way to sell soap on TV: "It is very difficult for a soap commercial to emerge from the mass of suds, with every known variant on the familiar theme of the woman holding up a box of 'X' soap powder with a grisly smile pointing to a pile of clothes she has just washed. Cheer has come up with the unique approach of dramatizing an everyday washing problem from the poor woman's point of view with a sound-over technique of stream of consciousness."

That stream of consciousness flowed unchecked until Bill Free's famous National Airlines "Fly Me" faux pas in 1971. Women activists carried signs, stormed Free's and National's offices, read proclamations and permeated the media with protest. Free talks of this trying and critical time with a humor and stoicism that comes from a six-year perspective, and from no longer handling the account. "The women's movement was identifying itself—and our 'Fly Me' campaign was an opportunity for a public platform. We were deluged with letters and calls. I even got an absurd letter from one of the leaders of the movement (who must go unnamed) demanding that I surely planned the sexual innuendo in the word 'fly'—she meant as in men's trouser pants." He paused. "The ad community continues to demean women, far more subtly than in our cam-

PHOTOGRAPH BY RON DE MILT/INSET CULVER PICTURES INC.

Advice is cheap: TV's housewife always gets helpful hints—from friends, neighbors, even the manicurist

paign."

There are some easy hints at why this is so: Of the 75,000 people currently employed in advertising, only 16.7 percent are women in other than clerical positions—not exactly an overwhelming voice. And, while advertising executives often live in the suburbs of large cities, they just as often tend to have a low regard for anyone who isn't an urbanite. As one New York agency executive quipped, "All I really know about the Middle America I sell to everyday is that it's the place I fly over to get to L.A."

But these notations still don't answer the question: Why have advertisers, who make their living keeping up with trends, been so slow to get on board with the women's revolution? Where was everybody the recent night David Brinkley closed the book on America's traditional homelife structure, citing the fact that a mere 7 percent of our nation's homes still maintained the time-honored tradition of the everyday housewife. Mom has officially flown the coop just about everywhere, except on TV in the commercials.

At a roundtable on women's advertising sponsored by the agency trade publication *Madison Avenue*, Harriet Rex, a vice-president at J. Walter Thompson, had this comment to make: "There's always been a lag between what is and what the ad business has codified as what 'is.'" And Rena Bartos, a senior VP at the same agency, said, "Advertising may be a mirror of society but somehow the image in that mirror is a little out of focus. It plays back a 1950's reflection in a 1970's world."

Madison Avenue's "little woman" is hardly new, and only partially improved. When feminists cite advertising that is "acceptable," it's invariably print ads. This isn't surprising, since magazine ads are prepared for specific subscribers whose personal backgrounds and attitudes have been carefully documented by the publication and noted by the agency. Television, on the other hand, commands a much larger and subsequently less definable audience.

So it is left to the advertisers and their agencies to define who television's consuming woman might be and what type of commercial she might like. The reward is compelling: Americans heap a total $9.2 billion every year into the coffers of the nation's top three TV advertisers—Procter & Gamble, Bristol-Myers and General Foods. Still, the women portrayed aren't always to the customers' liking, and last year agitated viewers marched en mass outside P&G headquarters in Cincinnati, suggesting in rather unladylike terms what to do with Mr. Whipple and his grocery store groupies. Inside, P&G stockholders took little heed, voting down a suggestion that their commercial portrayal of women be reconsidered.

Others in the business did listen. When the National Organization for Women sent all major advertising agencies a position paper on the role of women in commercials, no one was surprised that most of the commercials on the air didn't jibe with the NOW requirements. Several agencies, fearing intervention by the Federal Trade Commission, prodded their own regulatory outfit to consider the matter. The National Advertising Review Board formed a panel, including Patricia Carbine, publisher of *Ms.*; Joyce Snyder, coordinator of the task force on the image of women for NOW; the vice-presidents of broadcast standards for ABC and NBC; and a number of officers of sponsoring companies. A 21-page directive came out in 1975, in which the panel made a number of suggestions concerning ways in which advertisers could improve their portrayal of women. Here's what came out in the wash: "Advertising must be regarded as one of the forces molding society," the study asserted. "Those who protest that advertising merely reflects society must reckon with the criticism that much of the current reflection of women in advertising is out of date." Before airing a commercial, the panel urged advertisers to run down the NARB checklist, which included the following points:

- Are sexual stereotypes perpetuated in my ads? Do they portray women as weak, silly and over-emotional?
- Are the women portrayed in my ads stupid?
- Do my ads portray women as ecstatically happy over household cleanliness or deeply depressed because of their failure to achieve near-perfection in household tasks?
- Do my ads show women as fearful of not being attractive, of not being able to keep their husbands or lovers, fearful of in-law disapproval?
- Does my copy promise unrealistic psychological rewards for using the product?

Well now, does it? With these self-regulatory commandments in mind, I spent four weeks in front of daytime TV, logging current household product commercials and trying to determine just where women stand in the advertising scheme of things. During that time, Iris dickered with Rachel's and Mac's teetering marriage, Beth died, Stacy miscarried and Jennifer killed John's wife so they could finally be together.

Now a word from our sponsors.

Ring around the collar lives. After eight long years, the little woman is still exposing hubby and the kids to this awful embarrassment. It can strike virtually anywhere—in taxis, at ballgames, even on vacation doing the limbo. Our lady of the laundry is always guilty, always lucky to have a next-door neighbor who knows about Wisk, the washday miracle, and always back in hubby's good, but wary, graces by the happy ending. The Wisk woman faces the same unspoken commercial threat that the Geritol woman faces: "My wife, I think I'll keep her . . ." *if* she keeps in line.

Jim Jordan is president of Batten, Barton, Durstine and Osborn Advertising. Eight years ago, in a fit of cosmic inspiration, he came up with "ring around

---

Carol Caldwell, an Atlanta-based writer, worked for eight years as a copywriter and broadcast producer. She has never worried about waxy yellow build-up.

TV mama: Sometimes she makes loans. Usually, she makes hubby happy with greasy donuts or mad with greasy chicken

the collar" for his agency's client, Lever Bros. Since then, Jordan has run check-out-counter surveys on his commercials, asking shoppers who were purchasing Wisk, "You must be buying this product because you like the commercials." The reply he got was always the same: "Why no! I hate those commercials; but why should I hold that against the product?"

Jim Jordan echoes advertising's premier axiom: "The purpose of the commercial is not the aesthetic pleasure of the viewer—it's to sell the product." And Wisk is selling like gangbusters. He doesn't believe "ring around the collar" commercials show women in an embarrassing light; and to assume that, he says, "would be giving commercials more credit than they deserve."

Perhaps. And perhaps his "ring around the collar" campaign is getting more credit than it deserves for selling Wisk. Take any commercial with a simple message, repeat it again and again, and the product, if it's good, will sell, even if the spot is mindless and annoying. It's fixing the name of the product in the consumer's mind with a quick, catchy phrase that's important.

The household slice-of-life commercial is one of the classic offenders of the NARB check list. (Are sexual stereotypes perpetuated? You'd best believe it. Are the women portrayed stupid? And how.) Crisco's current campaign is a flawless example of this much-imitated genre, which has been developed and designed by Procter & Gamble. In it various long-suffering husbands and condescending neighbors are put through the heartache of greasy, gobby chicken and fries, all because some unthinking corner cutter spent "a few pennies less" on that mainstay of American cookery, lard. These pound-foolish little women cause their loved ones to live through "disasters" and "catastrophes." At the cue word "catastrophe," our video crumples into wavy electronic spasms and thrusts us back to the scene of the crime: to that excruciating point in the Bicentennial picnic or the backyard cookout when Dad has to wrinkle his upper lip and take Mom aside for a little set-to about her greasy chicken. The moral, delivered by some unseen pedantic male announcer, is plain: "Ladies who've learned—buy Crisco."

These examples are, sad to say, still very much the rule for women's portrayals in 30- and 60-second spots. They occur with alarming regularity during the daytime hours, when stations may sell up to 16 commercial minutes an hour. (The night-time rate is a mere 8 minutes, 40 seconds per hour). Now, you are probably not the average American who spends some six hours a day in front of the old boob tube (which, when the maximum number of commercials per hour is computed, means over an hour and a half of product propaganda). And you probably are quite sure that commercials have absolutely no effect on you. Maybe they don't. But a shaken agency copywriter told me the first word his child spoke was "McDonald's," and I've stood in a grocery line and watched while a mother, tired of her child's tears, lets him wander off and return—not with a candy bar, but with a roll of Charmin. Make no mistake about it: the cumulative effects of commercials are awesome. As the NARB study argues: "An endless procession of commercials on the same theme, all showing women using household products in the home, raises very strong implications that women have no other interests except laundry, dishes, waxing floors, and fighting dirt in any form. . . . Seeing a great many such advertisements in succession reinforces the traditional stereotype that a 'woman's place is *only* in the home.'"

There have, in the past few years, been commercials that break the homebody mold. The Fantastik spray commercial, "I'm married to a man, not a house" (which, incidentally, was written and produced by men), has reaped much praise, as has L'Oreal's "I'm worth it" campaign. "Ten years ago, it would have been, 'John thinks I'm worth it,'" says Lenore Hershey, editor of *Ladies' Home Journal*. *Ms.*' Pat Carbine thinks United Airlines is flying right when they address women executives, "You're the boss." She also likes the Campbell's soup "working wife" commercial, in which a man scurries around the kitchen, preparing soup for his woman, but adds, "I'm afraid they took the easy route and resorted to total role reversal—making her look good at the expense of the man."

Indeed, Lois Wyse of Wyse Advertising fears that advertisers are not only failing to talk to today's women, but they're missing men as well. The reason for this, as she sees it, is research—the extensive demographic studies done on who buys what product. Last winter Wyse told *Madison Avenue*, "About 20 years ago we were all little Ozzies and Harriets to all the people who do research, and now their idea of contemporizing is to make the Ozzies into Harriets and the Harriets into Ozzies."

Marketing research, with its charts and graphs and scientific jargon, has increased in importance over the last ten years or so, while creativity, the keystone to the Alka-Seltzer, Volkswagen and Benson & Hedges campaigns of the sixties, has taken the back seat. Ask anybody in advertising why commercials still show the little woman bumbling around in a fearful daze, and you'll find the answer is always the same: "Because our research tells us it is so." Agencies devote hundreds of thousands of dollars to find out who's buying their client's stuff and why. And it's not just Mom up there on the charts and graphs. Marketing researchers dissect and analyze the buying habits, educational and income levels of every member of the family. They even know what we do with our leisure time, and how much God we've got.

This subjective form of research is amorphously titled life style research, explained by the respected *Journal of Marketing* in the following brave-new-world lingo: "Life style data—activities, interests, opinions—have proved their importance as a means of *duplicating* the consumer for the marketing researcher. . . ." And more: "Life style at-

tempts to answer questions like: What do women think about the job of housekeeping? Do they see themselves as homebodies or swingers? Life style provides definitions like 'housewife role haters,' 'old fashioned homebodies' and 'active affluent urbanites.' "

But life style research is still in its infancy and very, very expensive. The trendiest and most attainable form of research going is called focus-group research, the grassroots movement of advertising research. From lairs of hidden cameras and tape-recording devices, agency and client-types, despite the experts' warnings that focus-group samples are far too small to be projected on a national scale, eke out a vision of their consumer that almost invariably fits just the stereotype they had in mind in the first place, and proceed to advertise accordingly.

The theory, quite simply, is to get inside women's heads in order to get inside their pocketbooks. From Satellite Beach to Spokane, fact-finding specialists are retained at grand sums to commune with the natives and document their particular buying habits. For instance:

The canned-meat industry's advertising wasn't paying off in the Southeast. Focus-group researchers were called in and groups of eight women were randomly selected from Memphis neighborhoods. The women fit the product's buyer profile—in this case, all came from families with middle to lower-middle incomes. Each woman was paid $10. On an assigned day each focus group would meet for a two-hour session at the suburban home of the researcher's field representative—a woman who was a veteran of several similar exercises. As the women took their seats around the dining room table, loosening up with coffee and homemade cake, the client and agency folk sat, out of sight, in the rumpus room, carefully scanning the meeting on closed-circuit monitors. This is what they heard.

MODERATOR: Do any of you ever buy canned meats?

VOICES: Oh yes. Yeah. Uh, huh.

MODERATOR: When do you buy them?

ANN: Well, my husband went to New Orleans, so I bought a lot of canned goods. The children enjoy them.

LOU: Well, I bought Vienna sausage the other day 'cause the Giant had a special on it—79¢ a can—it's usually $1.09, $1.19. You could only get four at a time, so I went back twice that week.

MODERATOR: Do you buy these for particular members of the family?

NORMA: If they didn't like it, I wouldn't buy it.

DELORES: Melvin loves the hot dog chili. And the baby—you can just stick a Vienna sausage in her hand and she'll go 'round happy all day.

MODERATOR: Do you read the labels on canned meats?

VOICES: Oh sure. Yes.

NORMA: The children read the labels first and called my attention to it. When I saw it had things like intestines and things like that, I didn't want to buy potted meat any more.

LOU: Fats, tissues, organs. If you read the labels on this stuff—when they say hearts . . . I don't know. I don't like hearts.

VIRGINIA: Well, psychologically you're not geared to it.

ALMA: They could lie on the label a little bit. Just don't tell us so much. (Laugh.) It would taste pretty good, but . . . yeah. I'd rather not know.

MODERATOR: What do you think ought to be on the labels?

ANNE: I think you ought to know about the chemicals.

NORMA: I love to read calories on the side of a can.

DELORES: I wonder what all's in those preservatives?

IDA: The side of this Hormel can here says that this meat is made by the same company that makes Dial soap. Says Armour-Dial.

NORMA: At least you think it's clean.

DELORES: Some preservatives do taste like soap . . .

IDA: I wouldn't be eating that stuff with them chemicals.

ANN: Well, if you worry about that, you're going to starve to death.

VIRGINIA: You'd never eat in a restaurant if you ever got back in the kitchen.

MODERATOR: Would you buy a product because of the advertising?

VOICES: No. No. Maybe.

IDA: My children love that Libby's—the one, "Libby's, Libby's, Libby's . . ."

NORMA: Now, if there's young kids that go to the grocery store with you, everytime they'll pick up something . . . "Libby's, Libby's, Libby's."

DELORES: Every time I see Hormel chili . . . I think about them people out at a fireside by the beach eating that chili. One of them is playing a guitar and they start singing.

VIRGINIA: Armour has a cute hot dog commercial, that's where they're all marching around, weenies, ketchup and mustard . . .

IDA: Yeah. That's cute.

MODERATOR: Do any of you ever buy Spam?

IDA: What's Spam?

ANNE: It's chopped something. Or pressed.

LOU: It's beaver board.

MODERATOR: Beaver what?

Most researchers claim that their studies are only as good as the people who interpret them. The interpreters are usually the agency and clients who—many advertising executives will admit, but only off the record—read their own product concerns into the comments of the panelists. Quite often, complaints about daytime commercials ("They're Awful!" "Ridiculous!" "Laughable!") are brushed aside. "You can formulate breakthrough approaches in order to reach this new woman," Joan Rothberg, a senior VP at Ted Bates, told *Madison Avenue*, "and yet the traditional 'ring around the collar' approach wins out in terms of creating awareness and motivating people to buy the product."

One of the final research tests a commercial can go through after it's been created and storyboarded is the Burke test. One day up at my old agency, the creative director, a writer and an art director came blazing through the halls with hats and horns, announcing at 120 decibels, "We Burked 29! We Burked 29!" Now this may sound to you as it did to me that day, as if these people were talking in tongues. What having "Burked 29" actually means is the percentage the commercial scored in recall after one viewing by a large audience. The average number on the Burke scale for the particular product my friends were testing was 25—so you can understand the celebration.

Because the agencies and their clients accept Burke scores as valid, the scores become a powerful factor in what types of commercials will run. It's no accident that the Burke company is located in Cincinnati, since Cincinnati is the birthplace of Crest, Crisco, Comet, Charmin, Cheer, Bonus, Bounce, Bounty, Bold, Lava, Lilt, Pampers, Prell Downy, Dash and Duz—in other words, Cincinnati is the home of the King Kong of Household Cleanliness, Procter & Gamble. From high atop magnificent offices, P&G executives control daytime television and a goodly portion of prime time, too. They are the top-dollar spender on TV, having put out $260 million last year alone in commercial time bought. They produce and have editorial control over five of the biggest soap operas on TV: *As the World Turns*, *Another World*, *Edge of Night*, *Guiding Light* and

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Search for Tomorrow, which reach some 40 million women every day.

Procter & Gamble is the most blatant offender in perpetuating "the little woman" commercial stereotype. Because of its monopoly on both media and marketplace (it pulls in $3.6 billion every year) and because its research is the most expensive and extensive, P&G is the recognized leader and arbiter of format and content in household product commercials—where P&G goes, others will follow.

This does not spur innovation. In one P&G agency, the creative people have two formulae they use for "concepting" a commercial: regular slice-of-life (problem in the home, solution with the wonderful product) or what the agency guys call "2 C's in a K." The 'K' stands for kitchen; the 'C' is a four-letter word.

Once a commercial is written, tested and approved by the client, it's got to be cast and shot. I asked Barbara Claman to talk about what agency people and their clients ask for when they're casting housewife roles. She should know: Barbara's built up one of the largest commercial casting agencies in the country. The day we talked all hell was breaking loose outside her office door. Scores of women and children had come to try out for a McDonald's commercial.

I wondered if agencies ever called for a P&G-type housewife for their commercials.

"Absolutely. She should be blond—or, if brunette, not too brunette. Pretty, but not too pretty. Midwestern in speech, middle-class looking, gentile. If they want to use blacks, they want *waspy* blacks."

"What about P&G-type husbands?"

"Same thing," Claman said. "But you'll find that the husband is getting to play the asshole more and more in American commercials."

"But do you see a change occurring? A trend in women's portrayals away from the traditional P&G type?"

"A little. I think they'd like to be a little more real. They're realizing, very slowly, that the working woman has a lot of money."

"What if they want a Rosie, a Madge or a Cora—one of the Eric Hoffer working-class philosopher-queens?"

Barbara laughed. "They'll say, 'Let's cast a ballsy one.' "

"Are you offended by the roles they want to put women in? Do you try to change their thinking on this?"

"I'm totally offended. I'm tired of seeing women hysterical over dirt spots on their glasses. I get lady producers in here all the time. We've tried to change their minds about the roles. You see how successful we've been."

Jane Green is another casting director in New York. She tells of a friend who was auditioning for a P&G spot in which the agency's creative people were trying to break out of the housewife mold. They'd called interesting faces—real people who wore real clothes. A couple of hours passed and the P&G client was obviously agitated. He turned to the agency producer: "What are you people trying to pull over on me? The woman in this commercial needs to be *my* wife, in *my* bathroom in Cincinnati—not some hip little chickie. Whom do you think we're selling to?"

One wonders. Recently, an agency producer asked me and my cat Rayette to be in a kitty litter commercial. I arrived wearing blue jeans and a shirt, my usual at-home ensemble. The art director, who was wearing jeans himself, wasn't pleased: "Where is your shirtwaist? I told the producer I wanted a *housewife* look in this commercial." I tried to explain that most women—housewives and otherwise—had left those McMullans and Villagers back at the Tri Delt house in '66. The shoot was postponed until we found something that looked more housewifey.

Some commercial trends have passed: the damsel in distress has, for the time being, retreated to her tower. (Remember the thundering White Knight? The mystical, spotless Man from Glad? Virile, barrel-chested Mr. Clean?) But others remain, the most blatantly offensive, perhaps, being those commercials using women as sex objects to entice the consumer into buying the product. Most agency people aren't allowed to comment on the scheme of things in such commercials (one slip of the tongue and that multi-million-dollar account might choose another, more circumspect agency). But Dwight Davis, VP and creative director on the Ford dealers' account with J. Walter Thompson in Detroit, says it's no secret Detroit is still the national stronghold of selling with sex. Why? The male is still the decision maker in car buying ("Our research tells us it is so"); and the auto is still an extension of the American male libido. So we've got Catherine Deneuve hawking Lincoln-Mercurys. She circles the car in her long, slinky gown and slips inside to fondle the plush interior. Catherine signs off, sprawled across the hood of the car, with a seductive grrrrr. She is, as Davis describes the phenomenon, the car advertisers' "garnish on the salad."

Commercials like this, and the little woman slice-of-life, are caricatures of themselves. That's precisely why Carol Burnett and the people at *Saturday Night Live* have so much fun with them. Even the new wave of women's commercials isn't spared. In a spoof Anne Beatts wrote for *Saturday Night*, a middle-class Mom, dressed not in a shirtwaist but a polyester pantsuit, rushes into the kitchen, crashing through a cafe-curtained dutch door. She starts to have a heart-to-heart with the camera: "I'm a nuclear physicist and Commissioner of Consumer Affairs." She starts to put her groceries away.

"In my spare time, I do needlepoint, read, sculpt, take riding lessons, and brush up on my knowledge of current events. Thursday's my day at the day-care center, and then there's my work with the deaf; but I still have time left over to do all my own baking and practice my backhand, even though I'm on call 24 hours a day as a legal aid lawyer in Family Court . . . ." Our New-Wave Mom is still running on, all the time very carefully folding the grocery bags and stuffing them into a cabinet where literally hundreds of other carefully folded bags are stacked incredibly neatly, when the omniscient announcer comes in:

"How does Ellen Sherman, Cleveland housewife, do it all? She's smart! She takes Speed. Yes, Speed—the tiny blue diet pill you don't have to be overweight to need."

If the "average" woman is true to her portrayal in commercials, we've got a pretty bitter pill to swallow. But you know, we all know, commercials don't portray real life. Nice Movies' Dick Clark, who's done spots for Coca-Cola, Toyota and Glade, points out, most commercials are "formula answers to advertising questions—bad rip-offs of someone else's bad commercials." They are bad ripoffs of their viewers too. But, someday, some bright young advertising prodigy will begin a whole new trend of commercials that don't talk down, don't demean or debase, and still sell soap or toothpaste or cars like crazy. And then everyone will be doing it. Double your money back, guaranteed.

Why am I so sure? Because, as Brinkley so neatly points out, only 7 percent of our homes have the traditional resident Mom. Because there are more women doctors, engineers, copywriters, jockeys, linesmen, you name it, than ever before. Because women are becoming more selective in their buying habits. Because, quite simply, research tells me it is so.●

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Music

Dolly Parton rocks the Big Apple

By Ken Emerson

"You know, I really tried to be fashionable once. Back when women's lib was startin' an' all, I was the first woman to burn my bra—it took the fire department four days to put it out!"

In a Greenwich Village club overstuffed with the likes of Andy Warhol and John Belushi, Dolly Parton was coming on like a cross between Mae West and Minnie Pearl. "This is the first time I ever played at the Bottom Line in the middle of downtown New York City," she announced, "and I want you to know I *love* you!"

The audience *loved* Dolly right back, loved her elephantine wig, her improbable busom and the several bolts of apricot chiffon she wore on which sequins formed flowers and spelled out her name. A few fans, whose Bloomingdale's cowboy boots must have pinched their toes, even made stabs at Rebel yells as she trundled out a dulcimer and then a banjo.

Yes, Dolly was the toast of *tout* New York—just ask Mick Jagger, Olivia Newton-John, Robert Duvall, Phoebe Snow or the Rock Critical Establishment, all of whom attended the wee-hours-of-the-morning bash held in her honor at Windows on the World, the opulent restaurant atop the World Trade Center. The view of Brooklyn below was sparkling, but Dolly easily outshone it, as well as the other celebrities, the TV crews' lights and fading memories of King Kong. The woman whose most famous songs are delicate pastorals took the Big City by storm. Would Bette Midler go over like gangbusters in Nashville?

The name of the game is crossing over: breaking out of the country music market and becoming an across-the-board pop star. Curled up on a couch in her Manhattan hotel suite, Parton explained with friendly frankness, "I may never be a big rock artist, but I expect to be. Not a 'rock artist,' really. I want it to be just an individual artist: 'Well, that's Dolly Parton and she sells country and she sells pop.' Not 'Well, she's gone pop' or 'She's still country.' Why can't they just let you be who you are, what you are, do your music the best way you can, and say, 'Yeah, that's Dolly Parton's music'?"

The question seems perfectly reasonable, and so did everything else Parton had to say during a voluble interview. However girlish her singing often seems, Parton is a determined career woman who looks you straight in the eye and says exactly what she thinks—politely, of course. "I'm very realistic, even though I live in a fairy-tale atmosphere and it's excitin' to me, even childlike stuff. But I'm very mature, really, only childish when I choose to be."

N.Y. DAILY NEWS PHOTOGRAPH

Crossing over: Dolly and friend at Windows on the World

No female country singer has ever enjoyed more than fleeting crossover success. Jeannie C. Riley, Tammy Wynette, Lynn Anderson, Sammi Smith and Donna Fargo have all had one or two pop hits and then fallen back on their country followings. But Dolly may be different. Tammy and the others crashed the Hot 100 on the strength of their music alone; none of them had (at least at the time) an "image" to insure return engagements. The opposite is true of Parton, whom people remember (how could they forget?) from the cover of *People*, even if they've never heard her sing. If Dolly had any more image she'd be on Mount Rushmore, and all she needs now is a hit single to make good on it.

But images can be tricky, as Parton knows all too well. "You know how rock audiences are. They like certain songs, but now if the image don't fit, if the personality is not fitting, they feel, 'Oh, that's hokey' or 'That person's corny.'" She recognizes how important it is that people "know that I am doing this as a gimmick, that this is what I chose to do not out of ignorance but out of intelligence, to do something to capture and hold the attention enough to where someone would look and say, 'Well, look! She does some good things!' or 'She's got songs and she's got her own personality. She's totally individual rather than bein' a follower of someone else.'"

What makes Parton fascinating (apart from her sheer talent as a singer and songwriter) is the contrast between the gimmickry of her self-display and the sincerity of her music. What made her triumph at the Bottom Line somewhat disturbing is that contrivance held the upper hand. She seemed more intent on capturing attention than on re-

warding it. As if to forestall the audience's laughing at her, she poked self-conscious fun at herself. Yes, it was hard to pick a guitar with such long (maroon) fingernails: "Every now and then I tear one out by the glue." Perhaps because she feared New York would not take her music seriously, she didn't either. Songs such as "My Tennessee Mountain Home" and "Coat of Many Colors," which vividly portray her hard-scrabble childhood in the Smoky Mountains, were reduced to cute postcards, almost parodies, by her spoken introductions: "As kids we spent our time workin' the fields and singin' all the time and just enjoyin' life in a simple, ordinary way."

That's not the way she remembered her past in our interview: "I love the fact that I'm from the country, but I never enjoyed workin' the fields. I never enjoyed school. I never enjoyed havin' to keep house and take care of kids. I loved the kids and I loved my mommy and daddy and I loved the fact that I could do somethin' to help. But I always wanted to be somethin' else. I wanted to be a star. I was restless-natured, I was restless-blooded, I was too creative." No wonder Parton's singing that evening often sounded coy or brassy rather than heartfelt.

And yet her performance exhilarated even as it disappointed. For here was a woman obviously thrilled (and thrilling us) by "knowin' freedom for the first time in my life," as she had explained that afternoon. "Because, well, when I was a child I was under the care of my mother and father, and my daddy was quite strict. And when I moved to Nashville, I started recordin' for a label and I was really caught up in tryin' to do what they expected me to do. My uncle worked as my manager and it was a kind of bossy thing. Then I worked with Porter Wagoner, which was kind of still under an iron fist of a sort. And you know, this is the first time in my life I've been free. I'm so happy I could fly away, really. I don't think nobody could stop me now."

Certainly no one could stop Dolly at the Bottom Line, where she bounded across the stage and over the confines of ordinarily distinct musical idioms. Fronting a six-piece band and three back-up singers, she exuberantly updated her old hits ("Jolene" became a loping rocker) and showcased songs from her latest album, *New Harvest . . . First Gathering* (RCA), which leapfrogs from country and gospel to soul and rock. This is the first record Parton has produced herself ("It was the greatest joy of my life, just havin' the first time to say, 'Okay, guys, here's what *I* want!' "), and generically it's pure mutt, which is to say, pedigreed pop: one track features practically the entire Grand Ol' Opry singing in the chorus, while another is a boisterous version of Jackie Wilson's soul classic, "(Your Love Has Lifted Me) Higher and Higher."

If Parton's personality were less forceful, if she were an Olivia Newton-John, for instance, or a Mac Davis (and it's ominous that she now shares their management), such heterogeneity could easily turn into homogeneous pap, disparate musical forms boiled down to their blandest common denominator. But right now (and here's hoping forever), Parton has so much energy, and so clearly exults in her expanding music and career, that it's hard to believe her genie will soon be bottled again.

Unearthly serious music that's influencing rock

By Robert Palmer

Philip Glass sat behind an electric organ in a blue workshirt and jeans, running a hand through his curly mop of hair and looking quizzically at a new member of his ensemble of amplified keyboards and saxophones. A few seconds earlier, the hotel ballroom where they were rehearsing had been filled with a luminous, unearthly music, Glass' *Music with Changing Parts*, but the complex repeating rhythms had begun to unravel. The new organist shook her head. "There's something going on here other than what's written," she said. "Some other rhythms or something."

Dickie Landry, a jazz-rooted saxophonist from Louisiana who has been playing with Glass' ensemble since 1968, laughed. "It's a psychoacoustical effect," he told her.

"Yes," Glass added, "it happens when you have amplified music based on repetition structures in an enclosed space." He turned to a visitor while the musicians ran over their parts. "As the sophistication of our equipment has increased, these things have started to happen more and more," he explained. "The repeating figures build up overtones and undertones, and the room picks them up and resonates them. These aren't phantom sounds or mind play, they're objective sounds that can be recorded."

PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT MAPPLETHORPE

Philip Glass: "Away from themes"

Glass' three keyboards and three saxophones began to play again, and there they were, sounds which clearly were not coming from the individual instruments. One heard, and strained to hear more clearly, banks of violins and angelic choirs, yet the organs were playing overlapping patterns of regular, clipped eighth notes, the saxophones holding long tones.

Glass has been called a minimalist, and as a *Time* reviewer recently noted, "nothing happens in the usual sense" in his music. Glass himself says that his emphasis "is away from themes. I'm preoccupied with sound as material, the way a sculptor might be." But when the ensemble is playing his hypnotic rhythms and cyclically repeating melodies through massed speakers, at volume levels suitable for rock, the sound definitely is not minimal. The more one hears of it, the more seems to be going on.

Until recently, Glass and his music were known primarily within the tiny, cliquish world of the classical avant-garde, but this state of affairs is changing. Last fall, the Philip Glass/Robert Wilson opera, *Einstein on the Beach*, made a considerable splash by selling out its two performances at New York's Metropolitan Opera House.

In February, the CBS-distributed Virgin label, which records Tangerine Dream and other progressive rock groups, released Glass' *North Star*, an album of short pieces composed for a film about sculptor Mark Di Suvero. In the past, Glass' compositions have been very long—*Music in 12 Parts* was performed as a six-hour concert—but the *North Star* selections had to fit into

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Glass and ensemble: Phantom banks of violins and angelic choirs

the film and are around three minutes each, an ideal length for radio programming. They have been getting an unusual amount of attention in the pop press, with many reviewers comparing the music to a more substantial and compelling version of the space rock purveyed by Kraftwerk or Pink Floyd. What the reviewers don't realize is that Glass and a few other American composers who work in similar areas were important early influences on most of the space-rock bands.

During the mid-sixties, when the first psychedelic rock was still several years away, Glass was an advanced classical student in Paris. There he met and began studying with Allah Rakha, the Indian hand drum virtuoso, and landed a job helping Ravi Shankar score a film. "My ideas wouldn't have developed the way they did if I hadn't started in that place," he says. "Also, I traveled, first in Morocco, where I had my first contact with non-Western music and was influenced by the geometric repetitions in Islamic art, then in Asia. I would stay in Himalayan villages for two or three weeks without seeing another Westerner. Later I became interested in South Indian music and in West African drumming."

By 1966, Glass was composing music in his present style. Three other composers who were then living in California—La Monte Young, Terry Riley and Steve Reich—were working on music that was similarly influenced around the same time. Young had developed somewhat earlier and would continue to follow his personal muse, while emerging as a kind of father figure to the movement. Riley attracted the most initial attention when Columbia Masterworks released his albums, *In C* and *A Rainbow in Curved Air*. Reich played in the ensemble Glass formed in New York from 1968 until 1970, when he started his own group. He has recorded for the prestigious Deutsche Grammophon label.

The music of Young, Riley, Glass and Reich began to be heard in Europe during the late sixties, and it still is better known there than in America. Glass, for example, has made nine European tours since 1970. At first only Riley's music was widely available on records, and it is primarily his influence one hears in the earlier recordings of groups like Soft Machine and Tangerine Dream. More recently, Glass' music has had an impact; one seems to hear traces of it in much English and German progressive rock, from recent Tangerine Dream to Pink Floyd and David Bowie. The English progressive label, Virgin, has released Parts One and Two of Glass' *Music in 12 Parts* in Europe; it is a magical album, well worth searching for in import bins. Now, with *North Star*, Glass seems poised to attract a wider following in America.

"These English and German rock groups have taken the language of our music and made it more accessible," he says, "and it's been helpful. If people had only heard Fleetwood Mac, this would sound like music from outer space. People are talking about me crossing over, but I'm not. The record company is crossing over, the audience is crossing over. I began writing a certain way because I've always been interested in the grammar of music, the way it fits together. I wasn't interested in producing effects or in making a lot of money. I'm still a serious composer, but I'm working at a time when audiences no longer assume strong and exclusive allegiances to one musical style. The significant thing isn't what's happening to me, it's what's happening to audiences."

In New York, Glass has attracted as many as 1,200 people to a single performance. He tours regularly with his ensemble, performing at colleges and in large cities. But most listeners will have to experience his music on records, and while *North Star* is a stunning piece of work, *Music with Changing Parts* is in many ways even more impressive. Glass recorded it as a double album on his own Chatham Square label and it can be ordered by mail, for $9 plus 60¢ postage, from New Music Distribution Service, 6 West 95 Street, New York, NY 10027. For the maximum in psycho-acoustical effects, play it loud.

Records

By Jim Miller

★★★ **Heavy Weather,** *Weather Report* (Columbia); ★★★★ **V.S.O.P.,** *Herbie Hancock* (Columbia); ★★★★ **Water Babies,** *Miles Davis* (Columbia). These three albums give a vivid indication of what has been gained, and what lost, in the recent conquest of jazz by technology. Weather Report eloquently makes the case for electronic jazz. Strong on orchestral color, their music dazzles like sun-washed waves: a riot of light, a sense of undulating motion, every moment conveying a very "composed" sense of or-

Back to basics: On *V.S.O.P.*, Hancock's playing real jazz

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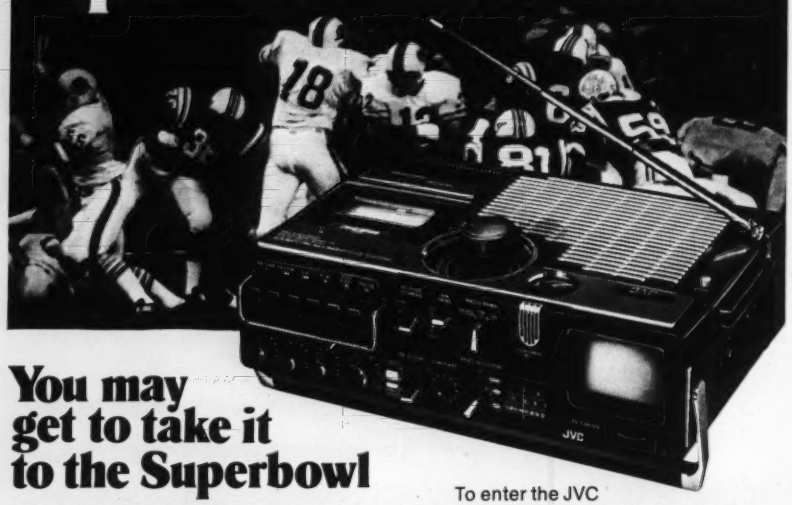

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ganic openness. The melodies and scores are often ingenious, with virtuosi like bassist Jaco Pastorius and reedman Wayne Shorter giving arranger Joe Zawinul a variety of voicings to work with. If jazz is going to jettison improvisation, it might as well do so for the sake of such elegant and engaging mood music.

Less defensible has been the approach lately taken by Herbie Hancock, who has confined his talents within a crumby funk band. It is hardly surprising, then, that he sounds so positively ecstatic throughout most of *V.S.O.P.*, cut at a Newport Jazz Festival concert honoring him last summer. Sides one and two reunite Hancock with the great Miles Davis quintet of the sixties (sans Miles), while side three presents his sextet from the early seventies (his current band gets the last side).

While the sextet reminds us of just how innovative early electric jazz could be, the old quintet demonstrates, in no uncertain terms, just what the art of jazz is all about. Featuring an explosive Tony Williams on drums, Ron Carter on bass, Freddie Hubbard on trumpet and Wayne Shorter on sax, the quintet presses Hancock to his most daring solos in recent memory. Even more impressive, though, is his interaction within the rhythm section: Hancock, Carter and Williams sound as if they were born playing together—listen to their work on "Maiden Voyage."

Anyone needing further proof of their prowess is referred to *Water Babies*, an important collection of hitherto unissued tracks, written by Shorter, from the transitional years (1967–69) before Miles Davis had all the members of his band "plug in." Hearing Hancock and Shorter in this context again has convinced me, reluctantly, of just how much improvised music we have lost by the stampede to amplified composition. *Heavy Weather* is pleasant; but *Water Babies*, like the first two sides of *V.S.O.P.*, is positively electric—without the technological fix.

★★★ A Period of Transition, *Van Morrison* (Warner Bros.). In jazz and soul, there are no maybes: either the imponderables of nuance, timing and swing all mesh, or they don't. On too much of *Transition*, they don't quite. Is it the desultory riffing of the horns, the cluttered rhythm tracks? Or is it the frequently strained vocals? Hard to say, but only "Flamingos Fly" and "Heavy Connection" approach the best of Morrison's past work.

Movies

Pretty ugly

By Richard Corliss

Film historian's note: In the late sixties, just when moviemakers were becoming preoccupied with graphic violence, movies started looking gorgeous. The double phenomenon was in some ways coincidental. In the wake of political assassinations and ghetto riots, Americans suddenly saw themselves as the psychotic inheritors of an outlaw past; and when TV became a full-color medium and paid greater fees for color movies shown on the home screen, serious American filmmakers rethought their snobbish preference for black-and-white, and saw for the first time the painterly possibilities of color. But when these two elements (tell-it-like-it-is realism and show-it-like-it-oughta-be stylization) came together about a decade ago, the combustion produced a strange amalgam of heat and light—a pretty-ugliness that emphasized the voluptuousness of violence.

Maybe *Bonnie and Clyde* put, as Pauline Kael wrote, "the sting back into death"; or maybe, when Warren Beatty and Faye Dunaway got perforated by the Feds, the viewer was excited by the image of these two handsome marionettes whose strings seemed jerked by some sadistic puppeteer. Maybe Sam Peckinpah's slo-mo crimson orgasms in *The Wild Bunch* made the moviegoer think, "Oooh, isn't death awful?" instead of "My, isn't it beautiful!" Whatever the original response, subsequent refinements of color and special effects have yielded a new aesthetic: a sophisticated detachment from suffering as it's portrayed in the movies. Now we watch a severed head roll down a ravine, note the tonal contrasts of green and red, and leave the theater humming Noel Coward's "Death, where is thy sting-a-ling-a-ling?"

Hieronymous Bosch could paint a dozen versions of one fantastic hellscape, and art historians see them as "enriched variations." Peckinpah takes four films to explore his conception of super-real carnage in the Old West, and film critics accuse him of aimless repetition and morbid obsessions. (Bosch didn't have morbid obsessions?) Though Peckinpah's new film, **Cross of Iron**, is set in some beleaguered German trenches on the Russian front in 1943, it has irritated the same critical prejudice, because the director's interest is the same: the balletics of violence. That newly minted corpse may be clothed in the shreds of a German army uniform instead of chaps and a workshirt, but it still floats in the parabola described by your standard Peckinpah cadaver. The creases in James Coburn's face may be spackled with mud instead of Laredo dust, but Coburn stands for the same kind of mottled heroism as did William Holden, Jason Robards, Steve McQueen, Warren Oates, James Caan and the other members of Peckinpah's over-the-hill gangs. All these repetitions (or variations) are part of the filmmaker's message: In war, in life, nothing changes except the scenery.

Schell and Coburn in *Cross:* Beautiful but incoherent images

And what scenery! Or rather, what spectacular use Peckinpah has made of that patch of Yugoslavia where he shot the *Cross of Iron* exteriors. If this were the 19th century, when impressionistic criticism approached a kind of prose poetry, and if I were any good at it, I'd spend a couple of paragraphs rhapsodizing over the film's luminous shots of shacks and trenches, forests and rivers, and over the directorial eye that transformed these Constable and Seurat visions into artful movie images. But a critic's job isn't to duplicate in words what you can see on the screen; it's to point out what you might have missed—or what's missing from the film. In Peckinpah's case, what's missing is the sense of narrative coherence. The man knows how to paint a ravishing picture, but he can't tell a story to save his life or career.

The story (coauthored by Julius J. Epstein, who 35 years ago helped write *Casablanca*) is simple enough. It occupies a war-movie subgenre that sees the battle as a clash, not of nationalities but of classes: the noble grunts against the tarnished brass. Here, the noblest German of them all is Corporal Steiner (Coburn), who just wants to win the war and get the hell home—and on second thought, forget about winning the war—but who will use every resource of expertise and courage to protect his men and his turf. The mad, bad Prussian officer is Captain Stransky (played by Maximilian Schell with a panoply of rolling eyes, clenched teeth and involuntary shudders, so we know from his first entrance that he's bananas—and yellow, too). Stransky yearns for the Iron Cross, and will do anything, do you hear?, to win it, including sending Steiner's squad to almost certain death.

But because Peckinpah's narrative is so chaotic, the viewer often loses direction as easily as the stranded Steiner. It's difficult to get involved in a story you can't figure out. Just tracing Coburn's accent, as it wanders over western Europe from Belfast to Berlin (with the occasional unscheduled stopover in Harry's American Bar), may stretch your patience to the breaking point—though Peckinpah does leave plenty of time between speeches for

you to translate them, and to wonder why you took the trouble. In fact, everything about the film is maladroit—right up to the ironic-revenge ending, which promises a sequel involving Coburn's and Schell's trek across Mean Mother Russia—except those beautiful images. The story, dialogue and acting should be classified Top Secret, because *Cross of Iron* is For Your Eyes Only.

The first images in Werner Herzog's **Aguirre, the Wrath of God** (made in 1972 and just now released in the U.S.) are even more striking: a column of 16th-century conquistadors and their native slaves inches down and up the Peruvian slopes, soldier ants on an Andean hill. The jungles through which the explorers march are as bright and lush as a Carmen Miranda headdress. It's an intoxicating vision—enough to bring out the madness in a man such as Don Lope de Aguirre, one of the lesser Spanish lords, who usurps command of his party and forces the expedition down river, into increasingly hostile territory, as his men fall prey one by one to the arrows of unseen Indians.

As played by Klaus Kinski, who has the strong, barbaric features of a Neanderthal prince, Aguirre is a distant ancestor to Captain Stransky—but extended past parody into a kind of psychotic sainthood. Kinski's Aguirre is the complete misfit: a Spaniard with flowing blond hair, a preening, moody miscreant, a madman of destiny among aristocratic men of reason. Bent over like a Richard III in the wilderness, Aguirre seems constantly to be auditioning for immortality. "We will produce history," he orates at the end, to his crew of corpses, "as others produce plays." He'd surely see himself as a Shakespearean tragic hero, but he's closer to Marlowe's awful, awesome Tamburlaine. This would-be superstar of history is last seen standing erect on his ghostship, as if posing for a heroic statue, and lording it over the monkeys like the late Charles Foster Kane. But instead of Orson Welles as his movie biographer, he got a 31-year-old eccentric from the German avant-garde.

Aguirre might not have been pleased by his cinematic destiny, but the movie provides the perfect meeting of artist and subject. Like the protagonists of Herzog's other movies (the dwarfs in *Even Dwarfs Started Small*, the deaf-blind woman in *Land of Silence and Darkness*, the overaged wild child in *The Mystery of Kaspar Hauser*), Aguirre is a holy outsider, pistol-whipped by fate beyond psychology or even psychopathy. And like Aguirre, Herzog thrives on taking willfully crazy chances, and does so in the serene expectation that his actors and his audience will follow him. Not many do: Herzog's films are so ponderously intense, so ferociously solemn, so lacking in irony and spontaneity—so full of everything negatively associated with the German artistic temperament—that they're unlikely to attract the *Annie Hall* crowd. For showings of his new film, *Heart of Glass*, Herzog wanted to hypnotize the movie audience, but finally settled for hypnotizing the actors! No doubt about it, Herzog is a genuine original. More important, he makes terrific movies—and that's a kind of madness we should encourage.

" 'Tis very difficult to write like a madman," said the 17th-century playwright Nathaniel Lee, "but 'tis a very easie matter to write like a fool." He might have been talking, three centuries too early, about Werner Herzog and Ralph Bakshi. After skinning and stuffing *Felix the Cat*, the Brooklyn-born animator plundered his own febrile imagination for *Heavy Traffic* and *Coonskin*, two loosely drawn and structured sick jokes that at least had the courage of their own raunchy vitality. But after some proper black folks accused *Coonskin* of the sort of racial stereotypes that had become the norm in blaxploitation movies (but this was from a white man!), Bakshi retreated into the suburb of Cute. **Wizards**, his new movie, is rated PG; and the one-time master of porno-graphics is now working on a movie version of *The Lord of the Rings*. (We eagerly await an announcement that Gerard Damiano has been signed to direct *The New Mickey Mouse Club*.)

Kinski as Aguirre: Holy outsider

The ads said: "*Wizards* is a Tolkien world." Wrong: it's a Tolkien rip-off. The story opposes two wizardly forces, the good Avatar (Gandalf), king of Montagar (the West), against the evil Blackwolf (Sauron), lord of Scortch (Mordor). Foremost in Avatar's service are Weehawk the Dwarf (Frodo the Hobbit) and the Fairy Queen Elinore (Galadriel, Queen of Elinor), while Blackwolf's minions include Necron 99 (one of the nine Black Riders) and the slippery creature Larry (Gollum). One of the Good Guys expresses the theme of the film: "They have weapons and technology; we have only love." Okay, it's no sappier than the message of *Yellow Submarine* ("All You Need Is Love"), but the Beatles movie was in every other way a treat for eye and ear. Bakshi's design sense isn't nearly so original as Heinz Edelmann's for *Submarine*, and the *Wizards*' continuity and pacing are almost nonexistent. How *is* this guy going to boil the Tolkien trilogy's 1,350 pages of epic narrative down to a two-hour movie?

There are still touches of the old Bakshi. Avatar's castle is shaped like a huge phallus; Scortch is peopled with Seventh Avenue whores; Elinore, in diaphanous fairy drag, comes on at times like a buxom Betty Boop; and Weehawk and Avatar make a strange pair of heroes, with the dwarf resembling a lost Hardy Boy and the wizard a third Sunshine Boy. The rest of the movie is goopy enough to make you ask for the real Ralph Bakshi to stand up and make an obscene gesture. The new, sanforized Bakshi puts me in mind of the obscene phone caller who, on realizing that the female voice on the other end of the line belonged to a four-year-old, desperately blurted out: "Pee-pee poo-poo!"

The new school of Pretty-Ugly (P.U. Arts, for short) isn't limited to genre; it turns out comedies, too. Case in point: **Jabberwocky**, Terry Gilliam's pictorial essay on life and death in the late Middle Ages. Gilliam, best known as creator of the *Monty Python* animations, and codirector of *Monty Python and the Holy Grail*, has devised a picaresque story around the adventures of young Dennis Cooper (played by *Python* alumnus Michael Palin) who, in the reign of King Bruno the Questionable, comes to the City to seek his fortune and, by slaying the dread monster Jabberwock, wins half the Princess' hand and all the land of the kingdom. But don't expect a high-

spirited jape on the order of *The Holy Grail*. Whereas the Pythons as a group saw Conquest, Pestilence, Famine and Death simply as another quartet of sacred cows to be milked dry and cheerfully butchered, Gilliam on his own seems obsessed by the notion of decay—or, rather, by the incestuous relationship of laughter and slaughter. The ads for *Jabberwocky* proclaim: "At last, a film for the squeamish!" But if jokes about decapitation, mutilation, disemboweling and the eating of rats-on-a-stick aren't your cup of mead, you'll squeam plenty when you see *Jabberwocky*.

In the tradition of Americans who make films in England (Richard Lester, Joseph Losey, Alexander Mackendrick, William Rose), Gilliam and coauthor Charles Alverson have surrendered themselves totally to the British sense of humor, that odd combination of Oxbridgian wit and music-hall vulgarity. So, in *Jabberwocky*, arcane references to the chivalric code rub up against bawdy gags about knickers and knockers. To Gilliam and other practitioners of the New British Comedy, it doesn't much matter whether these jokes are funny-haha—just as it doesn't matter to Mel Brooks or Jerry Lewis whether the slapstick in their films is deftly executed. They all use comedy the way a modernist filmmaker like R. W. Fassbinder uses the conventions of soap opera: as a comment on society and its popular art.

Even in New Comedy, however, the question nags: But *is* it funny? And the answer for *Jabberwocky* is: frequently, and despite everything, *yes*. The pre-title sequence is a delicious parody of *Psycho* and *Jaws*; the performances of Max Wall (as Bruno) and John Bird (as a fatally grandiloquent herald) are splendid reminders of the dear dead days of the 1950s, when British movies had the lock on comic eccentricities; and there's enough clever dialogue to get you through the swatches of gore. But the real delight of *Jabberwocky*, for any but the tone-blind, is its re-creation of the period, especially as perceived by the great painters of the 15th and 16th centuries. Taking up where Pier Paolo Pasolini left off (after his trilogy of medieval bawdy tales), Gilliam finds beauty in decay, and has the talent to persuade us to share that discovery. Milton Berle might not love *Jabberwocky*, but Breughel and Bosch would have split their sides in admiration. It's the prettiest, ugliest Pretty-Ugly movie this year.

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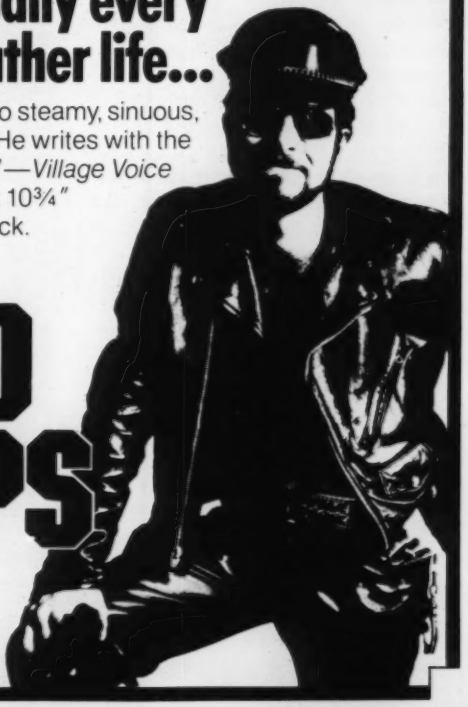

HARD CORPS

Studies in Leather and Sadomasochism
Text by Michael Grumley
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Books

The 20th century's lone ranger

By Geoffrey Wolff

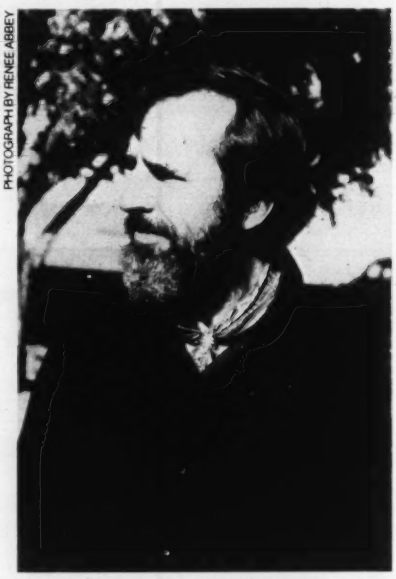
Desert Solitaire *by Edward Abbey.* Ballantine (303 pp., paperback: $1.95).
The Journey Home *by Edward Abbey.* Dutton (242 pp., $9.95; paperback $4.95).

Desert Solitaire has been around since 1968, winning converts every day. As in many things, I got wind of it late, a couple of years ago, from a friend, Edward Hoagland. Hoagland wrote an essay, "Writing Wild," about Peter Matthiessen, John McPhee, Edward Abbey and himself, collectively a corps of lieutenants for our own vestigially footloose selves, capping with controlled prose our blow-outs of nostalgia for a wilderness most of us have never experienced.

All but McPhee are novelists. Matthiessen likes to roam abroad for wild places. Hoagland too is restless, tramping this time through Texas, the next through Maine, or maybe British Columbia. Abbey has a specialty, the American desert, and when he leaves it he doesn't wander far, to the Rockies perhaps, or down the Colorado, or up into Big Sky country. McPhee is a reporter, and private, allowing himself to appear to be absorbed by his material: it is a hard-won illusion of self-effacement. Hoagland's signature is a seemingly spontaneous outburst of candor, an intimate revelation that fixes, like scat on a mountain lion's trail, his place in the natural scheme of things.

Like Hoagland, Abbey denies that he is a naturalist. In his view his nonfiction books "belong to the category of personal history rather than natural history." The personal history they retail is of a different kind than Hoagland's, less stripped to the heart and glands, less alarming, more conventionally anticipated, less powerful. Yet from these two collections of essays—the first hung from the spine of Abbey's experience as a forest ranger in Arches National Monument near Moab, Utah, and the second, *The Journey Home*, a stew of occasional pieces—an immediately recognizable voice and character emerge.

Abbey is a lone wolf, loyal to no conventional wisdom and to no convention. He likes to be known by what he despises, and his hatreds are many: strip miners, real estate developers, sheepmen (because they fence the range), bureaucrats, engineers (and their dams and power lines), industrialists, consumers. He indulges his anger, and nurses it, and wears it like a badge. In the introduction to *Desert Solitaire* he anticipates the repudiation of his work by "serious critics, serious librarians, serious associate professors of English" who, Abbey wistfully hopes, will despise his bad temper and antisociability. Alas, everyone has



PHOTOGRAPH BY RENEE ABBEY

Abbey: An eccentric intelligence

gone belly-up, and wagged a tail. So he tries again, in the introduction to *The Journey Home*, and warns that his ideas may seem expressed with "extreme intransigence." "I am—really am—an extremist," and once again he protests too much.

Because his vision of this country, and the ruin of it, is inarguably accurate. He believes he is paranoid, whereas any fool can see that the man is being hunted. In fact, his reflexive litany of dislikes, dropped like gaudy savories in a fruitcake, is the least interesting aspect of the temperament displayed in *The Journey Home*. It requires little by way of vision to harangue Americans for our "tract homes," "fancy plumbing" and "that mountain of metal junk and plastic garbage under which our lives are smothered." *Desert Solitaire*, too, is not defaced but somehow lulled by the obligatory refrain of offenses. Abbey is drifting down the Colorado with a friend, toward the construction site of the Glen Canyon Dam, a crime against the wilderness. He extrapolates from it an almost unfelt inventory of antagonisms, "*slimy* advertising of the businessmen . . . the foul, diseased and *hideous* cities and towns we live in . . . what *intolerable* garbage and what utterly *useless crap* we bury ourselves in day by day. . . ." His use of italics here is a curious gesture, as though shouting might restore to these familiar complaints some minted look. It won't: we know, we know.

But most of what Abbey knows, and shares, is singular to him, the expression of an eccentric and relentlessly sane intelligence. Despite an occasional tic of romantic sentiment, an invocation of such words as "soul" and "spirit," which he is the first to recognize as imprecise, Abbey's loyalty is in thrall to surface realities, to things; he announces in *Desert Solitaire* and has never doubted that there is "poetry, even a kind of truth, in simple fact."

Facts of the kind Abbey discovers are never simple. They are the complicating mechanisms by which a whole character is revealed. Not the least of the many values of such books as these is that they demonstrate the complex nature of honesty. Hoagland shares this with Abbey: a wonderful understanding of a distinction once drawn by Hemingway between what a person thinks he should have felt, and what he felt. Abbey loves animals, and will not kill a rattlesnake that threatens him. We believe we know him, a very Hindu of a fellow. Not at all. In *Desert Solitaire* he pegs a stone at a rabbit, pretty much for the hell of it, and kills the little animal; he does not even mean to eat it: "I try but cannot feel any sense of guilt. I examine my soul: white as snow. Check my hands: not a trace of blood." He rather admires the scorpion, but is not a friend to all things that live: "Don't actually care for ants. Neurotic little pismires."

This then is that odd creature so rarely met in books, a human animal. A

forest ranger who believes that Smokey Bear is a jerk and a liar (most forest fires are started by lightning, and most are good for forests), and a wilderness tramp who hates to walk: "Whenever possible I avoid the practice myself. . . . There is something unnatural about walking. Especially walking uphill." Of course Abbey climbs mountains, you might have guessed, and if he feels like it he quits short of the summit.

A lone ranger indeed, perfectly sensible once he tells you why. My God, in "The Second Rape of the West" from *The Journey Home*, a diatribe against despoilation, he confesses that he chucks his empties into highway ditches as he works his way through a six-pack of Schlitz: "Of course I litter the public highway. Every chance I get. After all, it's not the beer cans that are ugly; it's the highway that is ugly. Beer cans are beautiful. . . ."

As usual there is more going on in this sentiment, and in this essay, than is at first evident. Its focus is on strip mines in Montana. The best grazing land in the world is to be ruined to take coal from the ground. This coal will be burned where it is mined, ruining the clear air of Montana, because it is cheaper to transport power down lines than coal across country. The power will not be used by Montanans but by industrialists in the state of Washington, to make . . . beer cans.

Faced with such realities in *Desert Solitaire*, Abbey sounded a funeral note of longing, touched with rage: "This is not a travel guide," he wrote more than ten years ago, "but an elegy. A memorial. You're holding a tombstone in your hands. A bloody rock. Don't drop it on your foot—throw it at something big and glassy. What do you have to lose?" If this was a metaphor, it is no longer. For "The Second Rape of the West" closes with Abbey enacting his rebellion, heading home to Wolf Hole, Arizona, from his expedition to the would-be strip-mines of Montana's Big Sky country, pausing three times during the 800-mile trip: "once near Recluse, Wyoming, to doctor up a pair of bulldozers belonging to the U.S. Bureau of Reclamation; once near Cisco, Utah, to cut down a billboard erected by the Utah Chamber of Commerce; and once near Black Mesa Junction, Arizona, to shoot some insulators off the power line of the Black Mesa and Lake Powell Railroad."

Yes: a lone ranger. In his novel *The Monkey Wrench Gang*, three men serve the wilderness as guerrillas, blowing up bridges and railroads throughout the Southwest. In *The Journey Home* Abbey gives precise instructions on how to "get the getter," the "getter" being the moniker for a cyanide gun set to attract and kill predators, principally mountain lions. Abbey likes mountain lions ("any animal that eats sheep can't be all bad") and he can't imagine why anyone would wish to kill one. For one thing, a sense of menace lingers around them, and Abbey's sensible definition of wilderness is a place where someone might be mauled by something wearing a fur coat. (Central Park, of course, fills the bill.)

But beyond this, mountain lions are for Abbey the very image of grace, solitude and embattled resourcefulness that he lives to celebrate. *The Journey Home* is not as tight or surprising an experience as is *Desert Solitaire* because of the nature of a collection of discrete essays, and because Abbey has now made himself known. But it has two essays on mountain lions, and one of them, in which Abbey tracks a lion and is in turn tracked by it, the two approaching each other with affection and deference, is entirely gorgeous, like the mysterious experience that it describes. Abbey describes it as though it were a life-changing experience for him and I believe him.

Which brings me back to my beginning here, to Ted Hoagland. It is my purpose to encourage you to read him as well as Abbey, and you could not do better than to begin with "Hailing the Illusory Mountain Lion," from the collection *Walking the Dead Diamond River*.* (Abbey calls one of his own essays "Let Us Now Praise Mountain Lions," but he meets his lion in another, titled "Freedom and Wilderness . . .") For Hoagland, as for Abbey, the experience shifted the axis of his life, admitting him to the society of living things in a ceremony of privileged solitude: "There is a precious privacy about seeing wildlife," Hoagland wrote. "Like meeting a fantastically dressed mute on the road, the fact that no words are exchanged and that he's not going to give an account makes the experience light-hearted; it's wholly ours."

I know that Abbey, self-reliant as he is, won't begrudge Hoagland the last word in this matter. And I hope he'll take to heart the weight of Hoagland's adjective, "light-hearted," for it is Abbey's special grace as well.

*Hoagland's other collections are *The Courage of Turtles* and *Red Wolves and Black Bears*.

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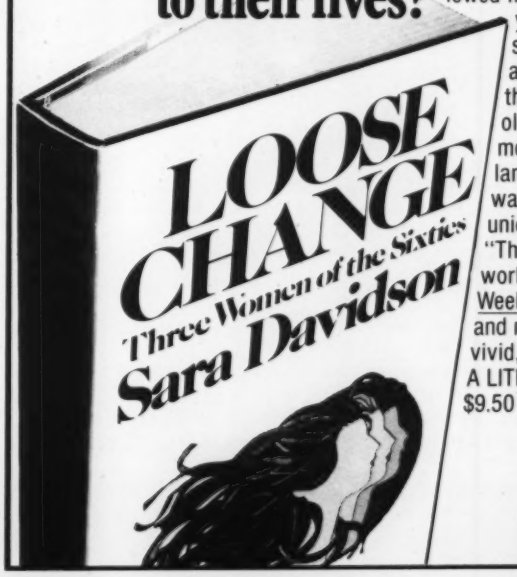


DOUBLEDAY

Final Tribute

The eternal American soldier/By Seymour Krim

He loved Johnny Cash's singing. "This is my kind of music," he said. He was always Jim, never Jimmy; a generation on both sides of the Atlantic knew him as one word, "Jimjones." He liked aviator sunglasses, ID bracelets, tightly fitted leather jackets, custom-made boots, swords, guns, maps, scientific gadgets of every sort. He would sit in the living room of his Paris duplex on the Isle San Louis reading straight through the collected novels of Joseph Conrad while his two children shrieked and houseguests kibitzed. When a friend of his was despondent and asked to borrow one of his guns, he said, "Wait 72 hours, and if you still want it I'll give you three bullets as well." Then he said: "Why not be a slow suicide like me?"

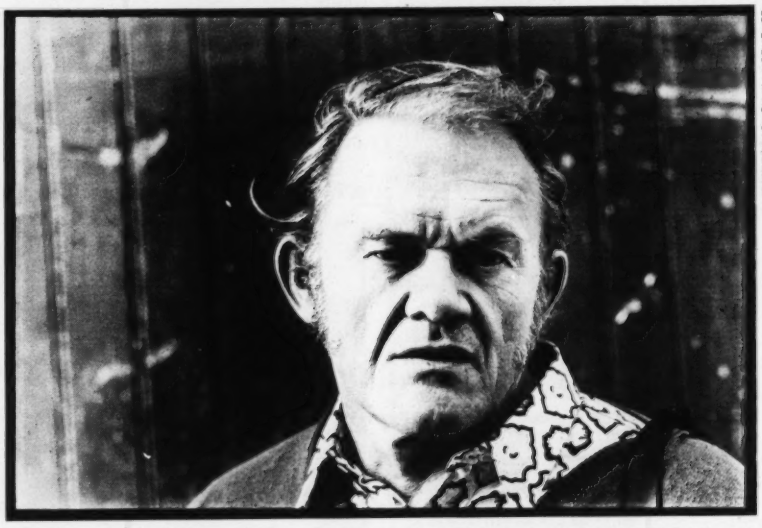
He respected books and carefully learned from them how to write, box, swim, snorkel, sail and transform himself from a Charles Atlas 90-pound weakling into a scientific weight-lifter with a tremendous physique. "I enjoyed fighting more than anything in high school," he said, although he had small hands and feet to go with rugged shoulders and a jaw carved out of rock. He often remarked, with just a touch of satisfaction, that Hemingway didn't know how to box.

He told less fortunate writers that having a bestseller was luck, no reflection on worth. When Norman Mailer accused him of selling out in *Advertisements for Myself*, Jones never again spoke to him as a friend. Still, he would often say, "I love Norman." Although he was considered by peers, including Mailer, the most macho writer of his generation, he was unashamed about the tenderness between men, as demonstrated in his classic war novel *The Thin Red Line*. "Haven't you ever had your cock sucked by a man?" he would ask with exaggerated innocence. It was rumored he had an affair with Montgomery Clift during the filming of *From Here to Eternity*; he made conventional straight men feel they were less a man not to have sexually explored men as well as women.

He enjoyed the rewards of his money like royalty, including biweekly manicures and pedicures with a whole Paris barbershop cooing over "Meester Jones"; but he said that if *Eternity* had flopped as a novel he would have reenlisted and spent a happy life as an Army sergeant until retirement.

Jim Jones was as common as his name. He once slapped an actress friend of his wife's who had insulted him. She later said with grudging respect, "He's a ballsy little guy." He belched, farted and used all the four-letter words in public without apology, but all so naturally that men admired him and most American women were at ease; a literate French woman still calls him a "coarse animal." He was inseparable from his good-looking Italian-American wife during the 20 years they were married—though once he threw his wedding ring into the Seine after a spat. Gloria took care of the purse, and influenced him in bargaining hard for his work. As part of their pact, she would not kiss close male friends on the lips.

He never spoke about Loney Handy, the woman who loved him and



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ran the midwest writers' colony that sponsored him while he hammered out *Eternity* and *Some Came Running*. Tom Chamales, the war novelist who had killed men with his hands while in the OSS, had a love/hate relationship with Jones, which led to his sleeping with Mrs. Handy as revenge. Jones put it into *Go to the Widow Maker*.

When he came to New York once a year, before finally settling on Long Island, he was the king figure of a small group that included William and Rose Styron, Irwin Shaw and George Plimpton (if they were in town), Willie Morris, composer Buddy Bazelon and his wife, Jones' former Scribner's editor Burroughs Mitchell, Adolph Green and Betty Comden. If he had been drinking, he kissed old friends on each cheek like a sentimental French general. But he still was always the most American person in any room. Every man looked up to him even if they towered above him, as did Plimpton. Once in Paris, beat poet Bill Walker, who was a bar-fighter and Mailer's bodyguard when he ran for mayor of New York, challenged Jones to a fist fight. Jones, who was already ill, declined, but Walker thought he had intimidated the toughest guy on the block and brought the story home.

Jones thought Robert Ardrey's *The Territorial Imperative* was the most significant nonfiction book he had read in recent years. He liked to order food for others in favorite restaurants and always took care of the bill discreetly, but became distant when people tried to borrow money. If he or a friend opened a taxi window while riding, he always carefully raised it when leaving the cab. When he read chapters of a new work to his wife and houseguests, he would often cry, as did Theodore Dreiser. He once told a friend and well-known American writer that his work was bullshit and kept the friendship. For many years his closest French friend was the novelist Romain Gary.

I never saw him after he moved to Long Island, but hope he had time to finish *Whistle*, the last book in his war trilogy. "If you need anything, just whistle," they told Jones in the state-side army hospital in 1943 where he was recuperating along with the other mental and physical wrecks. He would tell you this with deadpan appreciation. He was the eternal American soldier all the way.●

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